HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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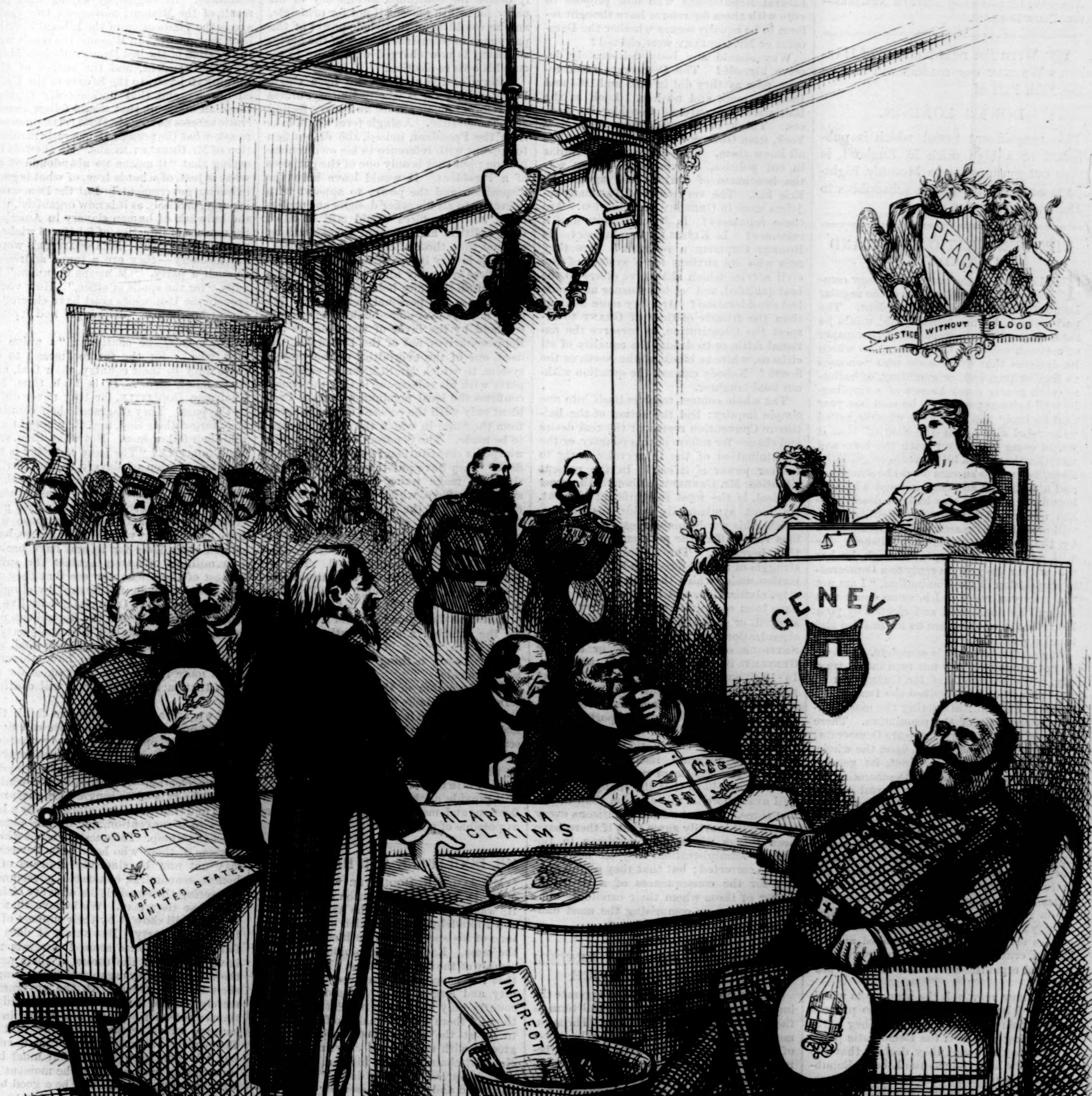


IT IS A BAD RULE THAT DON'T WORK BOTH WAYS.

Uncle Sam. "The question is now settled, and I am not liable for Indirect Damages in future."—[See Fish's Dispatch to Davis, Page 586.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1872.

Charles Reade. Wilkie Collins.

In the August Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE *will be commenced a* NEW NOVEL *by* CHARLES READE, *entitled* "A SIMPLETON: A STORY OF THE DAY."

A new novel by WILKIE COLLINS *will also be commenced in the October Number of the* MAGAZINE.

☞ *New Subscribers will be supplied with* HARPER'S MAGAZINE *from the commencement of* CHARLES READE'S *story, in the August Number,* 1872, *to the close of the Volume ending with November,* 1873—*making* SIXTEEN NUMBERS—FOR FOUR DOLLARS.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY our readers will receive the Fifth Part of

DORÉ'S LONDON.

This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is sent out gratuitously in Monthly Eight-page Supplements to the subscribers to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND CANDIDATE.

THE comedy of the campaign is now complete. HORACE GREELEY is the regular Democratic candidate for President. The party which he has himself said would be far stronger if there were not a newspaper or common school in the country; to which he declares that every body who "chooses to live by pugilism, or gambling, or harlotry, with nearly every keeper of a tippling-house," belongs; of which he said last year that its brain and soul were what he called "the rebel element at the South;" that it would come into power with the hate and mortification of ten bitter years to guide its steps, and whose success would be a disgrace and humiliation and chastisement which he hoped our national sins had not deserved—has nominated him for President, and he will probably have accepted the nomination by the time this paper is published. He will undoubtedly accept, although he has said within the year, in reply to a Democratic proposition of the nomination, "I am not the man you need......I have no doubt that I might be nominated and elected by your help; but it would place us all in false and tangled positions."

We say the comedy is complete. But we do not say that it may not turn into a tragedy. We believe that Mr. GREELEY told the truth when he described the Democratic party as naturally attracting the most dangerous elements of the population. There are good men, of course, who are Democrats; but a party is to be judged, upon the whole, by its principles, its conduct, its general composition; and that the Democratic party, such as this country by fearful experience knows it to be, should elect a President and return to power, is a disaster which no good citizen can like to contemplate. But, for ourselves, we have never underrated nor ridiculed the power or the craft of that party. Those whose political interest and activity cover a period of more than a dozen years are not likely to belittle its tenacity or its resources. It was the power behind slavery; it was the power behind rebellion; and as slavery has been abolished and rebellion crushed, it remains to destroy the political organization that made both possible.

We know very well the arguments which are urged by the Republicans who propose to help this party into power. They begin by denying that it is the Democratic party which they aid, and they declare that the Democrats have joined the Liberal Republicans for purposes of reform. Such an assertion only deepens the comedy. The Republican reformers at Cincinnati were baffled, and the Cincinnati nominations do not represent them or their purposes. We do not mean the strict free-traders only, but we mean such reformers as Mr. BOWLES, Mr. HORACE WHITE, and Mr. MURAT HALSTEAD. They may have acquiesced in the result, but they do not pretend that it represents the movement. These nominations, therefore, are those of certain discontented Republicans who, notoriously, are no more desirous of reform than the Democrats. Some reformers there are among them; but it is ridiculous to insist, to persons who know the facts and the managers of the Cincinnati result, upon calling it in any sincere sense a movement for reform. Even Mr. SCHURZ does not claim it. He says that the success of those nominations will, perhaps, open the way to reform. He claims nothing more.

But suppose it had been otherwise. Suppose that the Cincinnati candidates represented a real reform, is any of their supporters so foolish as to imagine for a moment that it is the desire of reform which has led the Democratic Convention to accept them? It is a point easily tested. For if the Cincinnati movement had resulted in the promise of genuine reform, and had divided the Republican party so equally between General GRANT and Mr. GREELEY that a "straight" Democratic candidate would have been sure of election, would the Democrats, who are now said to be so zealous for reform, have nominated Mr. GREELEY? Yet why not, if they are more anxious for reform than for power? And if they had nominated a straight Democrat, would the Liberal Republicans who now propose to vote with them for reform have thought reform to be equally secure whether the Democrat or Mr. GREELEY were elected?

Why should any body deliberately deceive himself? The Democrats favor reform now as they did in 1868 and 1864 and 1860, no more and no less. Look at the Baltimore Convention. Consider its leaders. Think of the delegates from New York, from Governor HOFFMAN down. We all know them. They are perfectly familiar in our politics. Governor HOFFMAN was the henchman of TWEED, and signed the Erie bill. The very scum of Tammany rejoices most in GREELEY'S nomination. Are these reformers? Is JOHN T. HOFFMAN a reformer? Is KINSELLA a reformer? Is ROBERT CHRISTIE a reformer? Are they men who are anxious for a system of the civil service which shall give offices to the best qualified, and not to influence and political consideration? Are they more anxious than the friends of General GRANT to respect the Constitution, to preserve the national faith, or to defend the equality of all citizens, white or black, at the North or the South? Nobody can ask the question without loud laughter.

The whole contest resolves itself into one simple inquiry: Did the action of the Baltimore Convention represent the real desire and chance for reform in this country, or the determination of the Democratic party to recover power if it can? In the present situation Mr. GREELEY, although the most comical, is the most insignificant element. He most symbolically holds his tongue. Neither his words, his wishes, nor his opinions really affect the position now, nor will they hereafter. The contest is the final struggle of the old forces. Shall the organization under which the crimes against liberty, civilization, and human nature itself have been committed in this country be destroyed, or shall it survive? Whether that organization be represented by HORATIO SEYMOUR, or WADE HAMPTON, or HORACE GREELEY is of no importance whatever. In 1856 and '60 it appealed for support upon "national" grounds, and JEFF DAVIS spoke in Portland deprecating "sectionalism." In '64 it asked support as the friend of "peace." In '68 it sighed for "fraternity and conciliation." And now, in '72, it presents itself, Tammany in front, as the apostle of reform and purity. We do not believe that the change of mask will avail more in this election than in the last three. Honest and loyal citizens every where will heartily agree that if there have been things which they condemn in the present Administration, they see how they can be corrected; but that they see no remedy for the consequences of a return to power of those whom their candidate himself describes as comprising the most dangerous classes of the population.

THE "ONE TERM" AS A REFORM OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

MR. SUMNER seems to us to exaggerate the importance of a single Presidential term as the only real civil service reform. The argument is that the President, having the power of appointment, and the inferior offices being now so numerous, has a body of personal retainers whose interest is the same as his own; a body which will pack caucuses and conventions, and secure his renomination, and he will make the appointments with reference to that result. This has certainly been made a capital cry in the present campaign. The President undoubtedly has a large power of appointment, and it is clearly not unnatural that office-holders should favor the continuance of an Administration under which they have been appointed. But if the evil of the civil service founded upon patronage be, in general terms, that influence, or, in other words, personal interest, and not fitness, controls appointments, how is it to be remedied by limiting the President to one term, if you still leave him all the patronage?

It certainly makes no difference, so far as the essential evil is concerned, whether the President uses the patronage for himself or for another. The system remains, and not a single mischief is removed. General JACKSON began the spoils system to secure the dominance of his party; and statesmen like General BUTLER and Senators CARPENTER, CAMERON, and CHANDLER think that he did wisely. But General JACKSON used his patronage to help the nomination of Mr. VAN BUREN as much as to secure his own renomination. And it is unquestionable that a President who would abuse the power of appointment at all, would abuse it for the nomination of a friend, a favorite, perhaps a partner, as well as for himself. He would do the same thing also for a party. A man of distinction enough in his party to be nominated for the Presidency, if he were limited to a single term, would still be a very distinguished party leader. He would naturally desire the continued ascendency of his party, for selfish reasons if not for principle, and he would bend the whole power of the patronage to secure the success of the party, as GRANT is now charged with doing to secure his own re-election.

Reform of the civil service by a single Presidential term is wholly illusory, unless you reform human nature and party feeling at the same time. A single term would take from the President, indeed, the disposition to appoint with reference to his own renomination; but that is only one of the purposes of a President. It would leave both the disposition and the power to appoint with reference to all his other designs and preferences, and the offices would still be filled from political and personal considerations, and not from those of character and fitness.

But it is very incorrect to suppose that all the offices are really filled by the President, and that all the office-holders are, in the current phrase, his personal henchmen. The great multitude of office-holders in the country hold by the favor of the Senators and Representatives, not of the President. Indeed, one of the enormities of the present system, to which Mr. SUMNER is equally a party with his colleagues, is that the Senate confirms the local nominations of the President only with the consent of the Senators from the State in which the appointment is to be made. The Senators have practically usurped a constitutional power of the President. They have put themselves into a position to make terms with him. So the small post-offices, which comprise half of all the "offices" in the country, are not filled by the President at all, but by the Postmaster-General, and upon the recommendation of the Representative from the district in which the office is situated. The appointment is vested in the Postmaster-General by law, and although the President might remove him if he did not use the power under his dictation, he would remove him for the exercise of a constitutional discretion. As a matter of fact, the President usually knows nothing whatever of such appointments.

The limitation of the Presidency to one term would no more produce a reform of the civil service than it would make a dishonest man honest. If the admitted evils of the service spring from what is called patronage, or appointment upon considerations foreign to the efficiency of the service itself, the remedy is in laws, rigorously enforced, which will provide methods of ascertaining qualification, and methods kept as independent as possible of politicians.

MR. DOOLITTLE AND HIS SPEECH.

MR. JAMES R. DOOLITTLE was chairman of the Democratic Convention at Baltimore. He was also chairman of the ANDREW JOHNSON Philadelphia Convention of 1866. The tone of his speech upon both occasions was the same. Each, in his opinion, was an assembly of the fairest promise. Each showed that the people were resolved upon fraternity and forgetfulness. Could the whole country only have been present at each, he thought there would remain no further work to do at the polls. Both speeches were greeted with the loudest cheering, and the eloquent chairman took his seat amidst the most irrepressible enthusiasm. But what an absurd and shadowy assembly that Johnsonian Convention seems to-day! What an imposture it was! What a wretched confidence game!

It is plain enough now that if it had been successful, the misfortune to the country would have been inconceivable. The real origin of that assembly was the desire of ANDREW JOHNSON to be re-elected President. He thought that both the old parties could be fused into a great national party, of which he would be the Magnus Apollo. So the explanation of the action of the Baltimore Convention is the intense desire of the Democratic party to return to power. The shibboleth of both Conventions was the same. It was "clasping hands over the bloody chasm." Massachusetts and Virginia came marching in, arm in arm, at the head of a procession of delegates. There was profuse weeping. One would have thought the deepest and most ancient differences of conviction and principle and tradition were all to be suddenly drowned in a gush of tears, like kittens of an hour in a puddle. The fact is that the whole affair was a contrivance of the merest selfishness, and fortunately the maudlin aspect did not save it. Fortunately indeed, for the JOHNSON Philadelphia Convention, with Chairman DOOLITTLE leading off in the rhetoric, meant the dissolution of the Republican party, black codes for the freedmen, and the restoration of the old national rule of JEFFERSON DAVIS and Co. in alliance with Tammany.

Mr. DOOLITTLE'S Baltimore speech is to be printed, we are told, as a GREELEY campaign document. Let us try a few of its sentences. He begins by saying that the result of the Missouri movement two years ago is the vindication of the Liberal Republican movement. In Missouri the result was the election of the last Democratic candidate for Vice-President, and the author of the BRODHEAD letter, to the Senate of the United States; and that undoubtedly typifies the kind of result that would follow Democratic success now. Mr. DOOLITTLE proceeds to ask what the present Democratic nomination of Mr. GREELEY means. He answers by saying that "it means no abandonment of what is just, of what is true, of what is good in human government." But the Democratic party, precisely as it is now organized, was the bulwark of human slavery in America, the essence of injustice, of falsity, of wickedness in government. Mr. DOOLITTLE'S words are mockery—they are a taunt addressed to such a party. "It means no union," he adds, "for the spoils of office." How vociferously the Democrats must have cheered—they who despise "drippings" and "plunder!"

"It means," he continues, "a union of men who......for the future [mean] to do their duty to their country, their God, and their fellow-men." It is high time, Mr. Chairman DOOLITTLE, for they never did it in the past. They disgraced their country, they forgot their God, and they bought and sold their fellow-men. But what, then, says Mr. DOOLITTLE? "The issue of to-day is not ......the question of slavery in the Territories." Certainly not; but it is whether those who have clung to the very carcass of slavery are more likely to conduct a free government wisely and well than those who have loved liberty with all their hearts, have offered their lives for it, and have broken four millions of fetters against the sullen protest of those who now see that they can make nothing "for the future" by clinging to it longer. Mr. DOOLITTLE will live to learn that when he left the Republican party he left those who had done their duty in the past to their country, their God, and their fellow-men, and who have therefore given more reason than a promise for the faith that in the future they will continue to do it.

If we are asked whether we think that those who have been Democrats can never change their opinions, we reply that undoubtedly they may. But a great party organization—and it is with that that we deal in this election—is not suddenly whirled out of the ruts of its convictions and prejudices and traditions and education by a loud hurra in a convention, nor by fine phrases upon the stump. The question is not whether some of those who have been Democrats may not now be sincerely desirous of an honest, economical, honorable government, protecting the equal rights of every citizen. Of course they may. We believe that the election will show it by their support of the Republican party. But surely it does not follow that because some Democrats may have renounced the errors of their party, therefore the party organization, unchanged, should be intrusted with the government merely because it makes a patriotic and virtuous profession. There is a school in the country which seems to suppose that the Democratic party has been, like a sullen boy, "holding out," but that it must have its own way in every thing the moment it is willing to say, "Well, I will be a good boy."

Mr. DOOLITTLE certainly did his best to put a fair face upon the Democratic nomination of Mr. GREELEY. He represented the adoption of the Cincinnati ticket—which was not that of the original Cincinnati movers—as an uprising of the people against tyranny, despotism, bayonets, and the nether world in general. But we rather think that the country has found Republican tyranny quite as tolerable as Democratic tyranny, and that it does not propose to restore the latter simply because it plumes itself upon "placing civil law above the sword." In one incautious moment Mr. DOOLITTLE showed the cloven hoof. It was when he said that "instead of negro supremacy upheld by

proscription and the bayonet, it means equal rights to all men, white as well as black." Aha! are you there, old mole? That is a strain, Mr. Chairman, which we all recognize. We all know what it means. It means what Mr. Fugitive-Slave-Bill MASON meant when he said, in regard to the vote upon the secession of Virginia, that every body might vote as he chose, but if any body voted in the negative he had better look out for himself. Mr. DOOLITTLE means that the equal rights of whites and blacks will be protected—especially whites. The country is glad to see offenders repent, but it will not hasten to give them all its confidence.

FORGERY, OR FALSEHOOD?

THE New York *Tribune* recently remarked that it had no wish to notice the incessant calumnies of Mr. GREELEY with which "the GRANT papers are daily filled. But," it continues, "*Harper's Weekly*, having gone beyond this and resorted to forgery, seems to require a word of contradiction." It then alludes to a recent picture by Mr. NAST, published in the *Weekly*, containing the following sentence from the *Tribune* of November 26, 1860:

> "When the rebellious traitors are overwhelmed in the field, and scattered like leaves before an angry wind, it must not be to return to peaceful and contented homes. They must find poverty at their firesides, and see privation in the anxious eyes of mothers and the rags of children."

The *Tribune* proceeds:

> "We deem it only necessary to say that not a word of this pretended extract is found in the *Tribune* of that date, and no such words were ever written by Mr. GREELEY. We leave the public to judge the moral quality of the act committed by the Messrs. HARPER."

This is intended to convey the impression that these words never appeared in the *Tribune*, for the date is wholly unimportant. The moral charge of the *Tribune* is that Mr. NAST either forged the extract or falsely attributed it to the *Tribune*. The truth is that he did neither. It is an actual, not a "pretended," extract. Mr. NAST gave an erroneous date only. As the *Times* immediately showed, an editorial article, headed "No Half Measures," appeared on the 1st of May, 1861, on the fourth page, in the fourth column, of the *Tribune*, of which Mr. HORACE GREELEY was the responsible editor, in which this passage occurs:

> "But nevertheless we mean to conquer them—not merely to defeat, but to conquer, to subjugate them—and we shall do this the most mercifully the more speedily we do it. But when the rebellious traitors are overwhelmed in the field, and scattered like leaves before an angry wind, it must *not be* to return to peaceful and contented homes. *They must find poverty at their firesides, and see privation in the anxious eyes of mothers and the rags of children.*"

Harper's Weekly, having printed a passage from the *Tribune* with an erroneous date, is accused by the *Tribune* of forgery, and its proprietors are held up by name to public obloquy. Unless, therefore, the *Tribune* can prove that this article has not appeared in its columns, it has plainly sought by falsehood to substantiate a baseless charge of forgery.

VIGILANCE THE PRICE OF VICTORY.

WE have elsewhere spoken of the ability and the craft of the Democratic party. There should be no foolish confidence among Republicans. From the time that we first came into power we have found it necessary to make the most strenuous exertion to defeat the enemy at each election. In 1862, in this State, we were all very sure that WADSWORTH must, of course, be elected, but SEYMOUR was chosen. Even in the Presidential election of 1864 there were many who doubted the issue, although the elections were held only in the loyal States. This year there are peculiar reasons for the hope of the Democratic party for their success.

The first is that General GRANT is the actual President, and is held responsible for every fault and short-coming of the Administration. Four years ago he was invested with the halo of his military glory only. Indeed, of an untried candidate whom the people honor every thing is possible. He is the type of every generous hope and aspiration. In the burning rhetoric of the campaign his administration is foretold as an ideal epoch, a golden age of purity and reform. There is a sublime disregard of actual difficulties, of the necessary limitations, of the conditions of human weakness. Every body enthusiastically believes that his private expectations will be fulfilled. But after an administration of four years, during which there must have been errors of many kinds and various disappointments, reasonable and unreasonable, the argument shifts from the imagination to experience. The opposing party seizes upon every slip and mistake, exaggerates it, distorts it, maligns its motives; and the friends of the Administration not only lose the vantage-ground of the imagination, but are thrown upon the defensive.

It is the other side, the opposition, which now revels in promises and hopes and glorious prophecy. Its old offenses are dimmed by distance. We to-day, for instance, hear that General GRANT is a nepotist and a taker of gifts; but we sometimes forget that we hear it chiefly from the very persons who saw without a murmur treason plotted in the last Democratic cabinet, and BUCHANAN, the last Democratic President, feebly wringing his hands, while JEREMIAH BLACK, the last Democratic Secretary of State, told him that he had no power to save the nation. This did not trouble the pure and patriotic party, eager for reform, which now roars with indignation because the President's brother-in-law fills some office in the White House. There is a new generation of voters which knew not BUCHANAN or the Democratic party, to whom the appeal is made. The errors of the actual Administration, whatever they may be, tend to weaken the argument for its continuance, and its supporters must not suppose that victory will win itself.

The second chief reason for the hope of the Democrats is derived from the first. It is the secession of a certain number of Republicans from their party. The Democrats have nominated Mr. GREELEY because they think or hope that he will divert Republican votes enough from General GRANT to secure a Democratic success. The very uncertainty of the number is inspiring. *Ignotum pro magnifico.* They can declare that the breach is enormous and fatal; that the disaffected Republicans will swarm at the polls; that the party is irretrievably demoralized; and the louder the Democrats shout, the more enthusiastic and confident they will become. They will declare to the large number who like to vote with the successful side that the whole Democratic party in alliance with this indefinite host of Republicans will sweep the country. They will swear that the sovereign people are rising in all the majesty of their power to save civilization and America by restoring the Democratic party to power; but they will call it by another name—reform, or purity, or antique simplicity, or Liberal Republicanism.

Here, again, Republicans must remember that there *is* a secession from the party. In New York, for instance, some who have been always politically allied are now strangely in hostile camps; some of us honestly seeming to others supporters of corruption, others seeming to us madly bent upon betraying justice and liberty, and trampling the dead in their graves. In this confusion it is of the last importance that every Republican who believes that the principles he has always supported are as true as ever, and who thinks that they can better be administered in the government by their constant friends than by their bitter enemies, should not lull himself into a false and stupid security. We have no doubt whatever that a large majority of the voters of the United States desire the re-election of General GRANT to secure the defeat and destruction of the Democratic party. But we do not suppose that the mere fact of that majority will produce that result.

There must be thorough organization, which implies every means of bringing the truth of the situation home to every voter, and bringing every voter to the polls. With this there must be nominations to every office of the very best men who can consent to be candidates, men of spotless character, of known ability, and of political fidelity. Every body who counsels a questionable nomination should be considered to be an ally of the enemy. One way to secure this result is for the Republican papers to declare that they will denounce nominations which they know to be improper. The Democratic party and its candidate, HORACE GREELEY, are not to be defeated by sleeping and dreaming that all is well, but by vigorously making all well.

CHEEK.

MR. AUGUST BELMONT, the late chairman of the National Democratic Committee—a gentleman who in the first year of the war declined to subscribe to a "national" project upon the ground that there wouldn't be a nation much longer, and who in the very crisis of the national struggle for life suffered an English nobleman to wear a rebel badge in his house in the presence of Union officers in their uniforms, and was indignant with one of them for resenting the insult—in his speech at the opening of the Democratic Convention, which loudly cheered FITZ HUGH LEE, and would have honored JEFF DAVIS to the utmost had he been present, said of the President, "I am willing to concede that his intentions on taking the Presidential chair were good and patriotic." AUGUST BELMONT is "willing to concede" that General GRANT was patriotic! Every loyal heart in the land, every home in which there is a maimed Union soldier, or a chair forever vacant, will be profoundly obliged to Mr. AUGUST BELMONT for the condescension of his concession that General GRANT was patriotic. Moreover, it is generous, for it is more than any one who knew the facts would concede of Mr. BELMONT.

PERSONAL.

SAMUEL PETERS, Republican nominee for Congress from the Fourth District of Louisiana, is a colored man and cashier of the Freedmen's Bank at Shreveport, where he is much respected for his integrity and modesty of deportment. He was born in Clinton, Ohio, and is thirty-seven years of age. A child of poverty, he worked as a field laborer, studying at night and morning, saving his earnings until garnering enough to go to school for a term, then giving instruction to colored children, and finally entering Liber University, Indiana, where he completed a collegiate course. After teaching for several years in Indiana, he went three years ago to Shreveport to take charge of the bank. He has fairly fought his way, and fairly won the respectable position in the community which he occupies.

—The Emperor of Austria contributes nine thousand florins for the SCHILLER monument in Vienna, and five thousand florins for the monument to be erected in the same city to Poetry.

—George Sand is said to be at work upon a "Life of Christ." The Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, in his "Life of Jesus, the Christ," says that since the year 1500 there have been more than fifty harmonies of the Gospels made by eminent Christian scholars, while of lives of Christ *and* harmonies there have been more than *one hundred and fifty*. Madame, therefore, will have abundant material for reference.

—The Hon. A. G. PORTER, of Indiana, in addressing a convention recently, said that after the battles of Forts Henry and Donelson, and after the battle of Pittsburg Landing, which was half victory and half defeat, when the scolds of the country rose against GRANT, a self-constituted committee of them called upon Mr. LINCOLN to demand that his commission should be revoked. "Gentlemen," said LINCOLN, after they were through, "I have *averaged* GRANT, and I find him to be the best of my generals; I like him because he *averages* well."

—The Messrs. AGNEW, of London, dealers in pictures, have paid $250,000 to Mr. S. MENDEL, of Manchester, for his valuable collection of water-color drawings. Mr. M. still retains his large and valuable collection of oil-paintings.

—It is rumored that Commodore JUDKINS, weary of the bore of doing nothing on land, is about to resume the position of principal old salt of the CUNARD line, and take command of the *Scotia*.

—The Canadians have just sworn an old Duffer in as Governor-General.

—M. DE ROTHSCHILD, in a recent interview with President THIERS, declared that the results of the last elections in France were not calculated to inspire confidence among capitalists.

—It is said that the late Duke of Bedford made over $1,000,000 by introducing the Emma Mine stock into the London market.

—PARKE GODWIN, Esq., who is a graduate of Princeton College, has received the degree of LL.D. from that institution. Dr. GODWIN is at present the managing editor of the *Evening Post*.

—One-armed Colonel HARRY ROCKAFELLAR, of our Seventy-first, now in Europe, writes from London that "the much-vaunted British Volunteers can not in any way compare with our own militia in point of discipline; but they beat us in shooting."

—Sir FRANCIS CROSSLEY, the celebrated manufacturer, of Yorkshire, died recently, and his will, devising property valued at $4,000,000, has been admitted to probate. He leaves to his son, now Sir SAVILLE BRINTON CROSSLEY, his estate and mansion at Somerleyton, and other estates in Suffolk and Norfolk; to his wife an annuity of $30,000, his residence, Bellevue, carriages, horses, furniture, etc.; to each of his daughters $250,000; the residue of his property to be divided into as many shares (and one over) as there are sons living, the elder taking one share more than the others.

—Bishop BENJAMIN BOSWORTH SMITH, of Kentucky, presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States, has ceased from active duty, and is about to remove to Philadelphia. He was consecrated just forty years ago. Bishop M'ILVAINE, of Ohio, was consecrated in the same year, but "the laying on of hands" was first performed on Bishop SMITH.

—Vice-President COLFAX has given up his house in Washington, and sent his household gods to South Bend.

—STEINMETZ, in his curious work on "The Gaming Table, its Votaries and Victims," relates that in 1813 a Mr. OGDEN wagered one thousand guineas to one that "seven" would not be thrown with a pair of dice ten successive times. The wager was accepted, and strange to say his opponent threw "seven" nine times running. At this point Mr. OGDEN offered four hundred and seventy guineas to be off the bet. But his opponent declined. He cast yet once more, and threw "nine," so that Mr. OGDEN won his guinea.

—Speaker BLAINE pays the largest individual tax in Augusta, Maine—$1410.

—JOHN ADAMS, GEORGE CLINTON, DANIEL D. TOMPKINS, and JOHN C. CALHOUN were the only Vice-Presidents of the United States that were re-elected.

—The Earl of Shaftesbury, in a recent debate on the ballot, made a new revelation about DANIEL WEBSTER, whom he described as having warned him, the earl, that the adoption of the ballot would be the ruin of the monarchy of England. According to Mr. WEBSTER, the ballot and the crown could not coexist. It was said by the late THEODORE PARKER that Mr. WEBSTER, in one little particular, was deficient—that was in "grit."

—Mrs. BARNARD has been made managing editor of the Washington *Daily Chronicle*. She is a lady of talent, and during the late long session of Congress occupied a seat in the reporters' gallery as reporter of the New York *Herald*. She has fairly won her way to her present position.

—When those immortals, "the representatives of the press," held an informal reception of the foreign artists at the Jubilee on Saturday, the 29th ult., Mr. GILMORE showed them that he could make a neat little speech as well as get up a neat little Jubilee. And there was one pretty feature in the demonstration. At its close all joined in "Auld Lang Syne." Until now SARO and PAULUS, the German and French band leaders, had been rather cool to each other; but "A. L. S." broke down the grudge, and the two fine fellows, by one common impulse, stepped out and shook hands warmly, while tears stood in their eyes, and DAN GODFREY, coming forward, clasped hands with both.

—Mr. DEPAUW, the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Indiana, is said to be the richest man in Indiana. The party will bleed him of a little money for electioneering expenses, on the principle that "the blood of the martyr is the seed of the church."

—The late CHARLES LEVER, prior to his decease, was engaged in preparing a corrected edition of his complete works, with an autobiographical introduction to each novel.

—The Boston *Times*, one of the bright papers of that city, is now owned and conducted by a company, consisting of B. W. THAYER, R. C. DUNHAM, JOHN M. TUOHY, J. O. HAYDEN, and GEORGE WILLIAMSON.

—At a recent gathering of Methodist clergymen in this city the action of the late General Conference was quite freely discussed. Dr. HOLDICH expressed the opinion that it was superior to any previous assemblage of the same body in the position, ability, and spirit of its members. One element of this superiority was the laymen, who had met the ministers for the first time as equals in church government. It had been wisely said that it would be impossible to conduct in perfect decorum an assemblage of four hundred PLATOS, but he thought that it was no carping criticism to say that, in point of order, they did not come up to what was expected of lesser PLATOS. Another point that had surprised him greatly was that some of the appointments for offices of the Church were not made of men not members of that body. Every officer elected, unless already an incumbent of the office to which he was chosen, was taken from the members of the electing body. Former conferences had not done so. Bishop JANES was not a member of the body that raised him to the episcopate, and the occupants of editorial chairs had frequently been similarly selected. Many men as fully qualified as those elected could have been found, and the result of that precedent would be to throw elections to General Conference into the arena of political tricks and machinations. In the continuance of his discourse the speaker touched on some minor points which he thought were open to criticism, and several brethren followed in brief remarks.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Democratic National Convention met in Baltimore July 9, and continued in session until the afternoon of the following day. Ex-Senator Doolittle presided. The Cincinnati platform was fully indorsed, and the Liberal Republican candidates, Greeley and Brown, nominated unanimously for President and Vice-President.

The Erie Railroad has again changed its officers. On the 9th of July the annual election was held, resulting in the choice of Peter H. Watson as president, and General Alexander S. Diven as vice-president.

The funeral of ex-Judge M'Cunn took place July 8 from St. Peter's Church in this city. The services were conducted by Rev. Father O'Farrell, in the presence of a very large congregation.

The New Jersey Court of Pardons has commuted the sentence of Libbie Garrabrant, the Burroughs murderess, to imprisonment for life.

The dissatisfied Democrats have called a National Convention, to be held at Louisville, Kentucky, September 3, for the purpose of nominating "straight-out" representatives in the places of Greeley and Brown.

Yale College has conferred the degree of LL.D. upon Mr. Charles Francis Adams.

A temporary bridge over the Greenbrier River, near White Sulphur Springs, in West Virginia, gave way July 11, and seven persons were instantly killed and the same number badly wounded.

A shock of earthquake was felt on Long Island and in parts of Westchester County July 11. Clocks were stopped, buildings shaken, and the people greatly frightened, but fortunately no damage was done.

Boston has grown richer during the past year. Its real estate has increased in value $40,000,000, and its personal property $20,000,000.

Horace Greeley formally accepted the Democratic nomination July 12.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Ballot bill was again before the House of Lords July 8, when several of the amendments rejected by the Commons were receded from.

In the French Assembly, July 8, the Minister of Finance submitted a bill to raise a loan of three milliards of francs at five per cent. interest, and also giving the government power to raise whatever further funds may be necessary.

Señor Perez Riva has been appointed political governor of Havana.

Dr. Houard, the American citizen, has been released from the Spanish prison, and orders have been issued for the restoration of his property.

A monument in memory of the German statesman Stein was unveiled in Nassau July 9. The Emperor and Empress of Germany, Prince Frederick William, and the chief dignitaries of the court were in attendance.

An explosion occurred in a large flour-mill in Glasgow, Scotland, recently, by which eleven persons were burned to death, and twelve others severely injured.

Don Carlos, who promised to lay down his life or take up his sceptre, has fled from Spain, and is daily looked for in Switzerland.

A Cuban privateer named the *Pioneer* was seized by a United States cutter off Newport, Rhode Island, on the 9th of July.

The Proportional Representation bill, assimilating the representation system of England to that of the United States, was moved to a second reading in the House of Commons July 10. Sir Charles Dilke opposed the motion on the ground that Ireland and Scotland were not included in the bill. The bill was defeated, July 11, by a large majority.

The motion abating the tax on raw materials was defeated in the French Assembly July 11.

The official gazette of the German government has promulgated the law providing for the banishment of Jesuits from Germany. All establishments under their control must be completely broken up within six months.

By steamer advices it is learned that the order of Jesuits has been declared extinct by the government of Guatemala, and their property ordered to be sold by auction.

Intense excitement prevailed in the French Assembly July 12, when a proposal was made by M. Gaslonde to increase the taxes by licenses on household furniture. President Thiers approved the measure, and was cheered by the Left, but loudly condemned by the Right.

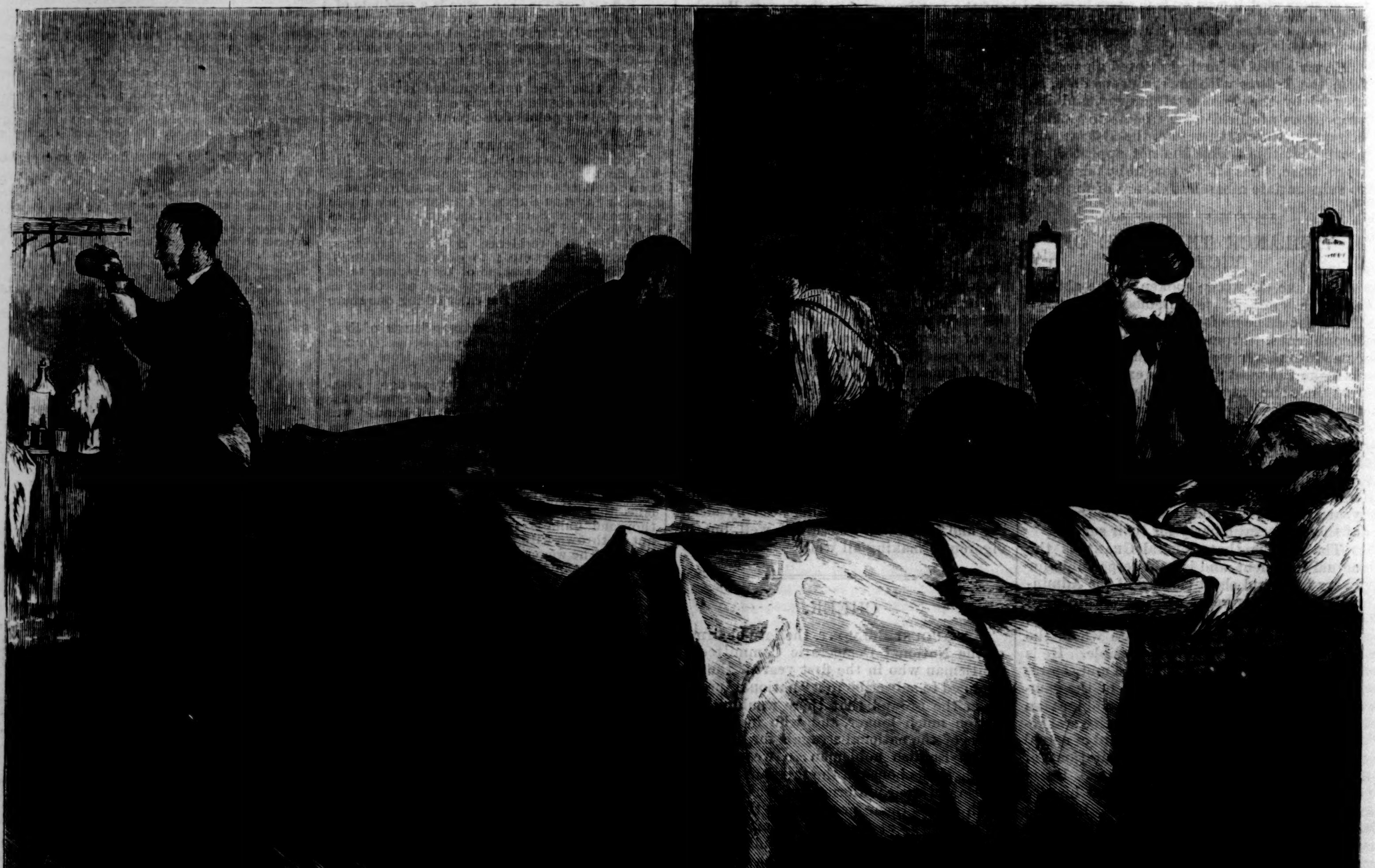
THE HEATED TERM.

The heated term which ended on the 6th inst. was not only the most protracted, but also the most severe, ever experienced in this section of the country. At no time did the thermometer run much below ninety degrees in the shade, and in the hotter portions of the day a hundred degrees was the mark in the least exposed places. Every body who could afford it fled from the large cities, and sought relief among the mountains or by the sea-shore. But the masses were compelled to remain at home and endure the terrible affliction. Of course the death-roll showed a large increase over former weeks, and was much larger than that of any corresponding week for many years. In this city alone nearly 1600 deaths occurred during seven days, of which number 983, or about 63 per cent., were of children under five years of age. The little ones were chiefly the children of the poor, who were crowded into the smallest rooms of our filthy tenement-houses, where a breath of pure air is never drawn by the miserable occupants. No wonder they died: the only thing to be wondered at is that they lived so long. But the mortality was not confined to the children. Strong men dropped in the streets while going about their work, and many a poor fellow who had never known what a day of sickness was succumbed to the burning rays of the sun, and was carried home dead.

At such a time of peril it was fortunate indeed that hospitals were provided for the reception of the stricken ones. The ambulances were kept busy all the day long running hither and thither to bear the sufferers to a place of relief. Among the most useful of these establishments is the Centre Street Hospital, near Chambers Street. It is very convenient for the use of down-town patients, who, if they were compelled to wait for treatment until they could reach Bellevue, would surely die on the way. Our artist on this page gives a sketch of one of the wards of the hospital referred to, showing the preliminary treatment of sun-stroke cases. Bags of ice are placed on the heads and under the arms of the victims, after which the entire bodies are rubbed down with broken ice. When this has been done the patients are removed to another ward, where they are subjected to further treatment. During the hot spell House-Surgeon Vandewater and Warden Brown, with their assistants, were kept very busy, as many as twenty-two cases demanding their attention in a single day. To the credit of the doctors it should be said that eight out of every twelve cases were saved.

There is one feature of the sun-stroke that deserves to be kept well in mind—viz. that many of the cases are of men and women addicted to the excessive use of alcoholic liquors, and that the recovery of such is almost hopeless. To keep persons out of the dram-shops, particularly on very hot days, is therefore a good work. But how shall this be done? Men's lips are parched with thirst—their throats burned dry: they must have drink. A humane individual has undertaken the practical solution of this question by placing barrels of ice-water in the streets of New York and Brooklyn for the free use of those who pass by. The upper sketch on this page shows the thirsty crowd refreshing itself from one of the barrels on Printing-house Square, opposite the City Hall. Metal drinking-cups are attached to the barrel, and thousands daily avail themselves of the grateful favor. Many of these are mechanics and artisans, or girls and boys employed in the factories, none of whom could afford to pay for a glass of soda-water or other cooling drink. The work of supplying cold water to the masses, free of charge, is worthy of imitation every where.

THE HEATED TERM—DISTRIBUTING ICE-WATER IN PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE.—[Drawn by A. E. Abbey.]



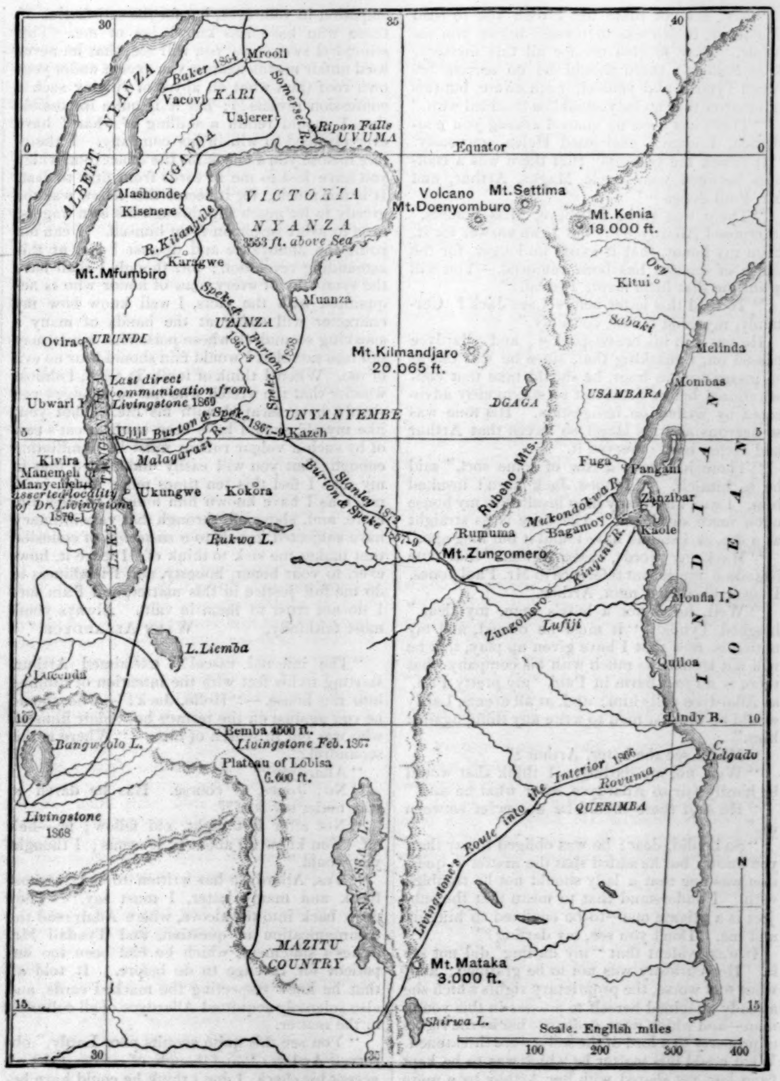
THE HEATED TERM--SUN-STRUCK PATIENTS AT THE CENTRE STREET HOSPITAL.—[From a Sketch by M. Woolf.]

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

THE grand triumph of the New York *Herald* expedition of search after the renowned Dr. LIVINGSTONE in Equatorial Africa is known the world over, and is every where the subject of heartiest rejoicing. There can no longer be any question about the safety of the great explorer. He is known to be alive, and still hopefully following out the great purpose of his mission. The story of the discovery of the discoverer by an American newspaper correspondent is full of exciting interest, rivaling even the most powerfully written romances known to the world. The narrative of the journey inland, a thousand miles over desert, jungle, jagged mountain path, and sodden valley trail, in the midst of brutal savage tribes, is a thrilling one, and can not fail to impress the reader with the heroism of the man who led the search.

The triumphal entry of the STANLEY expedition into Ujiji, where LIVINGSTONE was found, has been briefly described in telegraphic dispatches from the other side of the ocean. As the party approached the place the pagazis who chanced to be unladen preceded, beating drums and blowing upon koodoo horns. The armed escort fired salutes every moment, keeping up a regular *feu de joie*, and the American flag floated proudly over all. In the distance lay the silver bosom of Tanganyika Lake, at the foot of the stately mountains in the background, and fringed with tall trees and lovely verdure. It was a wonderful relief to the pilgrims of progress. Before them lay the settlement or town of Ujiji, with its huts and houses, looking dreamily like a land of rest. The astonished natives turned out at the unwonted display, and flocked in crowds to meet them with deafening shouts and beating of drums. Among the advancing throng was noticed a muscular group of turbaned Arabs. As they advanced still nearer, one of the group, who walked in the centre, was seen to be differently attired from the others. The group halted, and the word was passed back that a muzany was among them. Spurring forward the *Herald* commander indeed saw that, strongly contrasting with the dusky, sunburned Arab faces, was a hale-looking, gray-bearded white man, wearing a navy cap with a faded gold band, and a red woolen jacket. It was a trying moment, wherein every emotion of hope and fear flashed through the brain. The fatigue was forgotten in the intensity of the situation. The questions, Was this he who had so long been sought? or Could it be a delusion of the mind? or Was the white man some unknown waif of humanity? crowded the mind, bringing their changing feelings with them. A few feet in front of the group the *Herald* commander halted, dismounted, and advanced on foot. Preserving a calmness of exterior before the Arabs which was hard to simulate, as he reached the group Mr. STANLEY said, "Doctor LIVINGSTONE, I presume?" A smile lit up the features of the hale white man as he answered, "Yes, that is my name."

The meeting was most cordial, and the wearied caravan, joyous at the triumph of the expedition, were escorted by the multitude to the town.



THE DISCOVERY OF DR. LIVINGSTONE—MAP OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA, SHOWING THE ROUTE EXPLORED.

After a rest and a meal, in which milk, honey, and fish from Tanganyika were new features, LIVINGSTONE told his story, which is in brief as follows: In March, 1866—he informed the *Herald* explorer—he started with twelve Sepoys, nine Johanna men, and seven liberated slaves. He traveled up the Rovuma River. Before they had been gone very long the men became frightened at the nature of the journey, and the reports of hostile tribes up the country they were to pass through. At length they deserted him, and, as a cover to their cowardice in doing so, circulated the report of his death. LIVINGSTONE proceeded on his journey in spite of the isolation, and after some difficult marching reached the Chambezi River, which he crossed. He found that this was not the Portuguese Zambezi River, as had been conjectured, but, on the contrary, wholly separate. He traced its course, and found it called, further on, the Lualaba. He continued his explorations along its banks for 700 miles, and has become convinced in consequence that the Chambezi is the true source of the Nile, and that this will make a total length for the mystic river of Africa of 2600 miles. His explorations also establish the fact that the Nile is not supplied by Lake Tanganyika. He reached within 180 miles of the source, and explored the surrounding ground, when, finding himself without supplies, he was obliged to return to Ujiji, and was in a state of destitution there when met by the commander of the *Herald* expedition. On the 16th of October, 1871, the two explorers left Ujiji, and arrived at Unyanyembe toward the end of November, where they passed twenty-eight days together exploring the district. They then returned and spent Christmas together at Ujiji. The *Herald* explorer forwarded this important and interesting intelligence on the 14th of March, 1872, leaving LIVINGSTONE at Unyanyembe. LIVINGSTONE will explore the north shore of Tanganyika Lake, and the remaining 180 miles of the Lualaba River. This Herculean task he expects will occupy the next two years. The portrait of the great explorer, and the map showing the region of his travels given on this page, will be studied with interest.

Mr. HENRY M. STANLEY, the leader of the *Herald* expedition, whose portrait is given below, is a native of Missouri, and, "raised" in the border wilderness, enjoyed comparatively scanty educational advantages. His parents died while he was still very young, and he found himself, about the middle of the war, a youth of eighteen, with a small patrimony yielding a modest annual income, but without calling or profession. He had, however, the ambition and industry that are our most conspicuous national characteristics, and looking about for a field in which to distinguish himself, he drifted East and became a war correspondent of the *Herald*. His chief recommendation at this time was his energy and industry and fearlessness in collecting facts, not the style in which he told them; for although he had previously shown some indications of literary ability, and had occasionally found a place in the poet's corner of obscure country papers, his pen was as yet neither practiced nor fluent. During the war he succeeded in doing his duty, and established a steady but not very brilliant reputation. About a year after the surrender he temporarily left the journal with which his name has since become so closely associated.

In 1866 or the early part of 1867 he determined to go to Europe and enlist in the Cretan army as a volunteer, making arrangements before leaving New York to send occasional letters to the *Herald*. He was, however, greatly disappointed in the character of his intended companions in arms, and soon changed his plans. He then, in company with three traveling compatriots, one of whom was his step-brother, arranged for a walking tour through the heart of Asia, passing through Asia Minor, the provinces

DR. LIVINGSTONE, THE GREAT EXPLORER.

MR. STANLEY, CHIEF OF THE "HERALD" EXPEDITION OF SEARCH.

of Russian Asia, the Khanates, Bokhara and Khiva, Eastern Turkestan, and so through China to the coast. This project, however, came to a disastrous end. The little party had penetrated only a hundred miles from Smyrna when it was plundered by brigands and compelled to return.

The next year Mr. STANLEY spent in traveling about Europe. In 1868 he accompanied the Abyssinian expedition to Magdala, and contrived on several occasions to get important news through to New York ahead of the dispatches of the British government and of the rival correspondents. These successes, of course, strongly recommended him to the favor of his journal, and when the *Herald* determined upon its quest of the great explorer, Mr. STANLEY was selected to head the expedition.

Mr. STANLEY is now about twenty-nine years of age. He is a thickset, powerful man, though, like WILLIAM the Conqueror and other celebrated people, he is short in stature—only about five feet seven inches. A sure shot, an expert swimmer, a practiced horseman, and a trained athlete, with a very wide and varied experience of "roughing it," he was admirably fitted for the duty he has so gallantly and successfully performed.

A dispatch from Aden announces the arrival there of Mr. STANLEY, and saying that he would leave July 11 for London, in company with the son of Dr. LIVINGSTONE. Mr. STANLEY is the bearer of letters from the great explorer for the British government, as well as for the family and friends of the long-absent LIVINGSTONE. Mr. STANLEY states that when he left the interior of Africa Dr. LIVINGSTONE was unwell, but he was, nevertheless, determined to proceed with his explorations, and will not return home until he has completed the great work of ascertaining the source of the Nile.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

BY JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

TOO LATE.

IT was still early when Arthur and Helen returned together from their interview in the summer-house, and they were both surprised to meet Mr. Allardyce between it and the Hall. His habits were not early, nor had he been yet known to be down stairs within half an hour of the sounding of the breakfast gong: as, however, he drank claret at that meal—for his tastes were Continental—he did not suffer the penalties of lukewarm coffee and weak tea, which otherwise would undoubtedly have been inflicted on him by Mrs. Tyndall. She did not like people to be late at meals, and especially young men, although she spoiled them in so many ways. She never kept her dinners waiting more than ten minutes, "to allow for the difference of the clock," for any body. Not that she was wanting in courtesy, as some may thence suppose, but for precisely the opposite reason: she was not so discourteous as to spoil the dinner of half a dozen sensible persons for the sake of one or two fools who thought it fine to be late.

Mr. Wynn Allardyce was no fool, nor did he think it fine to be late; but the comfort of no human being beside himself having ever entered into his mind, and being by nature slothful, he was seldom in time for any thing. As for getting up in the morning, he saw no reason for doing so, except upon some festival of his church—such as the Derby-day. Under the present unsatisfactory and imperfect conditions of life it was quite unusual to get any Play before noon at earliest; and, like an artificial fountain, his only work was play, which was very literally meat, drink, and clothing to him, since it supplied him with the means of procuring them. And yet here was Mr. Wynn Allardyce up and out-of-doors at eight o'clock in the morning, wondering, doubtless (like the fabled Rumtumfoozleum), at the works of Providence, which were all new to him at that hour. His delicate kid boots had rarely "brushed the dew away to meet the sun upon the upland lawn," when so far from its meridian as at present, and he found it absolutely necessary to mitigate the overpowering perfume of the flowers by cigarettes.

"This is charming," he said, as he politely saluted the lovers; "this is charming of you, and as it should be. I have never even read in books of any thing so touching as this walking out together before breakfast-time. It reminds one of the Garden of Eden. Quite lackadaisical—I mean paradisiacal—upon my honor."

"It is very pleasant," said Helen, coldly, "and nothing new to those who have been healthily brought up."

The herb valerian had lost its flavor for her for the present: she didn't like this banter, which somehow seemed to take the gloss off her new-born happiness.

"You are right, Miss Somers, as you generally are. I'm a very unwholesome person, and all wrong every way. I have only just sufficient grace left to admire what is good in others. Have you seen our friend Adair this morning, either of you?"

His tone was careless, and in curious contradiction to the expression of his face, which was eager, and even anxious. His eyes wandered restlessly from one to the other so quickly that they must needs have intercepted any glance of significance, had such passed between them.

"No," said Arthur. "Jack is not such an early bird, though, unlike yourself, he is always in time for his groundsel. Have you backed yourself to beat him at getting up this morning?"

"No; it's not that; but I wish you to read this letter, in fairness to myself, before you see Adair. Pray forgive me for all this mystery, Miss Somers: there should be no secrets between Tyndall and yourself, I am aware, but this is a matter that no lady should be troubled with."

"There has been no quarrel among you gentlemen, I hope?" exclaimed Helen, nervously. "It struck me yesterday that there was a coolness between your uncle Magus, Arthur, and Mr. Paul Jones—"

"There was such, I believe, Miss Somers," interposed Allardyce; "but I can answer for it, upon my honor, that it exists no longer, for the cause of quarrel has been removed.—You will grant me that little favor, Tyndall?"

"To read this letter before I see Jack? Certainly, my good fellow, certainly."

He put it in his breast-pocket, and Allardyce passed on, remarking that, since he *was* out at so premature an hour, he should take that constitutional before breakfast so strenuously advocated by writers on indigestion. His tone was so nervous and his laugh so forced that Arthur and Helen both observed it.

"There has been a row of some sort," said he to himself. "I hope Jack hasn't insulted him. I won't have any man insulted in my house upon mere suspicion. Allardyce is as straight as a die, or I should have found it out long ago."

"Mark my words," said Helen, "that note has some unpleasant reference to Mr. Paul Jones. I never liked that man, Arthur."

"Well, he is not a lady's man, my dear," laughed Tyndall, "it must be owned, and my notion is, now that I have given up play, that he will not trouble us much with his company, but there is no real harm in Paul, 'my pretty Poll,' as Allardyce calls him; and, at all events, Lardy would be the last man to write any thing against him."

"May I see the letter, Arthur?"

"Well, no, my darling. I think that would be hardly fair to Allardyce, after what he said."

"He said there should be no secret between us."

"So he did, dear; he was obliged to say that, you know: but he added that the matter in question was one that a lady should not be troubled with. I understand that to mean that the subject is a private one—to be confined to himself and me. Don't you see, my darling?"

It was evident that "my darling" did not see it. Her curiosity was not to be gratified; and, what was worse, the proprietary rights which she already imagined herself to possess in this young man—and which were as dear to her as the rights of property to a lord of the soil—were threatened. What could this matter be which was to be kept from her, yet shared with her Arthur by a mere acquaintance? Could it possibly—a spasm shot across her heart—have reference to a woman?

"As you please, Arthur," said she, coldly. "Perhaps I had better go in-doors, and leave you to examine this wonderful document by yourself."

"Well, perhaps so, my darling. Lardy seemed to be in a deuce of a way about it, and it takes a good deal to put him out; so I suppose it's something important."

"It ought to be, since it separates *us*—"

"For five minutes!" interrupted Arthur, laughing: "not a moment more will I give to this fellow."

She was gone, and had left him in an alcove cut in the box-tree wall, very convenient for privacy; and yet he made no haste to open the letter, which was addressed to himself in Allardyce's hand. It was the first time he had found himself alone since his lot in life had been settled for him; it was only natural that his own affairs should take precedence in his thoughts, and they did so. A few hours ago he had trodden that very walk in doubt and perplexity as to his future, in doubt even as to how he should exist; and now it was arranged that he was to live on at Swansdale with Helen for his wife. Her generosity and devotion had conquered him, and he did not regret it even yet, even though her fair form was no longer close beside him with its eloquence of hand and lip and eye. She had been very good to him, very tender to his faults and follies; and the least he could do in return was to make her a good husband, faithful in thought as well as act, and wholly devoted to her interest. (That was not a very passionate way of putting it, perhaps; but there had been a good deal of passionate protestations that morning, and one's capacity in that way is limited.) It was a pity that dearest Helen was so soon put out, and when she was that she showed it so very plainly, but that she was a thorough good girl he felt certain, and would make a far better wife to him than he deserved. And in the mean time, thanks to her, what a load was lifted from his mind with respect to that debt of five thousand pounds that was owing to his friend Jones! This reminded him of the letter, the contents of which Helen had predicted would have some reference to that gentleman, and he broke the seal (for it bore the unusual safeguard of sealing-wax), and opened it. The envelope had no less than three inclosures—a note from Allardyce, a statement in the handwriting of Jones, and a check for three hundred and eighty pounds from the former gentleman, payable to Arthur Tyndall. The note, which was dated 1 A.M. that morning, ran as follows:

"MY DEAR TYNDALL,—I have just discovered, to my inexpressible horror, that we have had a cheat and card-sharper for our companion for the last week, and how long before that it is impossible to say. His villainy, it appears, was discovered by Adair last night, to whom he had grace enough to acknowledge that I myself was wholly ignorant of his malpractices. I compelled him, however, to sign his name to the inclosed statement; not, I hope, that I need any such exculpation in your eyes, but for the satisfaction of those who have less knowledge of me. This scoundrel swears, as you will see, that he never used unfair means against you except under your own roof (and what an abyss of villainy such a confession reveals!); but it is quite impossible that I should retain a shilling of what I have ever chanced to win in his company. I therefore inclose you a check for the exact total which you have lost to me at cards from first to last. It is not much; for it seems this fellow was too greedy to let much slip through his own fingers, even to avert suspicion from himself. I can not paint the annoyance and disgust I feel at this astounding revelation; for, though I shall have the sympathy of every man of honor who is acquainted with the facts, I well know how my character will suffer at the hands of many a sneaking scoundrel, whose poisonous words may fall into ears that I would fain should hear no evil of me. When I think of it all, Tyndall, I almost wonder that the wretch who has so wronged you should have escaped with his life. That you, like myself, should have been made a cat's-paw of by such a vulgar ruffian must be humiliating enough; but you will easily understand that in my case I feel this ten times more bitter, inasmuch as I have known him longer, trusted him more, and, above all, through that very intimacy have subjected myself to a suspicion of collusion that makes me sick to think of. I leave it, however, to your honor, honesty, and friendliness to do me full justice in this matter, and I am sure I do not trust to them in vain. Always yours most faithfully, WYNN ALLARDYCE."

"The infernal rascal!" exclaimed Arthur, starting to his feet with the intention of running into the house.—"Hollo, Jack!"—who should he run against on the terrace but Adair himself, who was out in search of him. "Where is this scoundrel?"

"Allardyce?"

"No; Jones, of course. Has he dared to stay under my roof?"

"Not after last night, old fellow; no—he's off. You know all about it, it seems; I thought you would."

"Yes, Allardyce has written to me: a most frank and manly letter, I must say." They drew back into the alcove, where Adair read the communication in question, and Tyndall Mr. Jones's statement, which he had been too impatient for revenge to do before. It told all that he knew respecting the marked cards, and also solemnly acquitted Allardyce of all collusion in the matter.

"You see this quite acquits poor Lardy," observed Arthur; "and though, of course, I sha'n't accept his check, I don't think he could have behaved better or more straightforwardly under the circumstances. It must be a devilish galling thing, poor fellow!"

"Very," said Jack, dryly: "it must be deuced unpleasant to him to have to disgorge three hundred and eighty pounds, if he really supposes you are going to accept it. But then, you see, you are not."

"You know I don't mean *that*, Adair. I wish you would not be so uncharitable. It is no wonder that Allardyce begged me to read his letter before I saw you."

"Quite right," said Jack, cheerfully. "he was reasonably afraid of my dropping what he calls 'poisonous words' into your ear."

"Well, my dear fellow," answered Tyndall, "I must beg you as a favor not to drop them. Perhaps I ought not to have let you read that letter; Allardyce has put himself and his honor in my hands, and I accept the trust. His quarrel is my quarrel so far."

"My dear Tyndall, I am not going to quarrel; but you must not expect my views to change quite so rapidly as yours. You must permit me to hold the same opinion that you yourself held up to, say, twelve o'clock last night."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, 'Allardyce is as straight as a die, and Jones is as straight as a die,' said you; *ergo*, Allardyce is about as straight as Jones. There, don't be angry, but let us agree to differ. Time will show. In the mean while, here is money." He took out of his pocket the "I O U's" that Jones had given up, and also that gentleman's check for four thousand eight hundred pounds.

"What is this?" cried Arthur, looking over them. He had suddenly grown deadly pale. His friend imagined that this arose from the shock of joy at finding himself relieved from his embarrassments, and even possessed of a small fortune.

"It is a trifle of seven thousand eight hundred pounds, my dear fellow; but only your own money back, after all. Of course this fellow had no claim to a sixpence of it; but, nevertheless, let me tell you, it required some little finesse on my part to compel restitution. I'll tell you all about it at another time. But there goes the gong, and you had better be early at the breakfast-table to prevent people chattering about this scandal: the flitting of our 'pretty Poll' this morning is sure to be a matter of some speculation."

"You are right," said Arthur, slowly, and moving mechanically toward the Hall. "Let us go in."

"Well, I must say you take your good luck more philosophically than you used to take your ill," observed Jack, with some touch of irritation. "I am not a commission agent, but I did expect a little percentage in the way of gratitude for having saved your three thousand pounds out of the fire, not to mention the collaring those 'I O U's.'"

"My dear Jack, forgive me," said Arthur, wringing the other's hand. "I thank you from the bottom of my heart; but—"

The completion of the sentence was a sigh; and the next moment they came upon the ladies, who had collected on the croquet lawn, on to which the French windows of the breakfast-room opened. Had he ended with words, the sentence would perhaps have been, "But this unlooked-for prosperity comes too late."

CHAPTER XVIII.

UNDER THE SYCAMORE.

SIX weeks have passed since the events recorded in our last chapter, and the haunted chalk-pit of Swansdale is compelled to echo the notes of a merry peal; over wood and water wedding news is dancing, making many a rustic maiden's ear to tingle, and many a gossip's tongue to wag. There is feasting below stairs at the Hall to-day, and old Giles strolls about the lawn, for once an idle man, with his hands in his pockets, and a huge white favor on his breast. Uncle Magus (for the first time these twenty years) has left his rose-embowered cottage and gone to London Town to give the young folks his blessing at the altar when the priest has done with them; and the priest is Mr. Glyddon.

"A nice day the young squire have got," says old Jacob Renn to his daughter, as they sit at their afternoon meal, with the cottage door open, through which the music of the bells breaks in pell-mell. "If happy's the bride on whom the sun shines, Miss Helen—she's been missus, however, these three hours, I reckon—ought to be most uncommon happy."

"I trust she may be," says Jenny, steadily, not looking at her father, but gazing out at the blue air, as if the bells were hung in the heavens, and she was watching the spirits who rang them.

"What's the use of trusting, lass? Let's drink her health and his. There's a glass of sherry wine for you such as was never drunk in a lock-keeper's cottage before, I'll answer for it, and seldom in a gentleman's house. It comes from the best bin in the old *Welcome*. Here's to the young couple: 'Long may they live, and happy may they be, blessed with a good large familee,' as the saying is. Why don't you drink, lass?"

"I did drink, father."

"You don't call that a drink! No wonder they names you Jenny Wren, for 'twas more like the sip of a bird. When you've wine like this, you should hold it up to the light, so—*that* pleases the eye; then lean your head back, and tilt the glass gently, so—*that* pleases the palate; then think over what you have done a bit, for you've been a-swallowing gold, or leastways a good two shillings' worth of the best amontillado, which is the mother of sherry."

"It's very nice, father, I've no doubt; but I am afraid it's thrown away upon me. The heat oppresses me. Would you mind my leaving you for a few minutes to sit by the lasher in the cool?"

"Not *I*, lass, since you leave me in such good company."

Jenny rose and went out through the garden, stopping on her way to pluck a rose. If this was to show herself calm and unagitated in mind, the action was lost upon the old man, for he was looking at her unemptied glass.

"What fools women are!" was his reflection. "The idea of leaving wine like that! But Jenny always threw away her chances. It is my belief she might ha' been a peeress by this time, if she had cared to play the cards that were dealt to her. She might certainly have had Mr. Arthur—not that he was much of a catch, as it has turned out; and now she has only to hold up her finger, and the rector would put the ring on. A lord, a squire, a rector: well, that's pretty well for one young woman, and she but an innkeeper's daughter. But what sort of an innkeeper? Ah, there's the rub. Well, it's not for me to boast; but I don't suppose there ever *was* such a landlord of an inn before or since. Certainly not since, to judge by that fellow who has got the old place now. No manners, no graces, no keeping of hisself up before every body—such as I had the gift for. Why, I've seen a matter of six young lords a-dining at the old house at once, and every one on 'em had a 'Well, Jacob, how *are* you?' for me, when I brought in the first dish. Jenny had that gift too. No princess could have held her own better, or taught them their place. Still, as a father, I felt the inn was bad for her, with its rough river-folk, and queer comers and goers; and so, when a good offer came, I parted with it. It is not every father that would have done that."

It might have occurred to Mr. Jacob Renn that the same objections that he thus urged against the *Welcome* as a residence for his princess were at least equally strong against the lock cottage; but amontillado is not only the "mother of sherry," but when taken freely, as in the present case, of self-satisfaction and complacency.

"Yes, I have done my duty, I flatter myself, in that station of life to which Providence has called me, and especially as a father. I have never inferred—interfered with that girl, but just let her take her own way, and a queer way it is. Why, notwithstanding all her good looks—and when a girl has *them*, she generally don't care to have any thing else—she's cleverer than the member for the county; and as for study, the parson himself daren't tackle her in theol—theology. I wonder, by-the-bye, if she could explain what hiccoughs was sent for? It can't be of any *use*, that's certain, for it only spills the wine, and I don't believe as any body thinks it a but—a beauty. I've got eight shillings' worth of amontillado in my inside, and should be perfectly happy if it wasn't for hic, if it wasn't for hic—

'Hic, Hæc, Hoc;
Lay him on the block.'

That's what the young lord from Eton used to sing to Jenny, a song full of the Latin he had learned at school; but she would only laugh at him.

'Lords shouldn't be laughed at,' said I; 'it's disrespectful, and contrary to the Cat—Cat—"To behave myself reverently to all my betters," says the Church Catechism;' and old Jacob Renn was allus a churchman. Hark at them bells! One more glass, one more glass, *one* more glass: that's what they're a-saying on; and I obeys 'em."

Jacob Renn obeyed them so loyally that he enriched his interior by exactly twenty shillings' worth of the "mother of sherry"—drained the last dregs, in fact, including the contents of his daughter's glass, and then fell fast asleep in his chair.

In the mean time Jenny was seated beneath the sycamore behind the cottage, and hidden from all save those whom pleasure or business might chance to bring to the lasher which thundered at her side, a dam with a low flood-gate alone interposing between herself and it. But her ear heard nothing but the bells, which, instead of inviting her to take one more glass of the amontillado, importunately reminded her of the auspicious occasion which they celebrated. "Arthur Tyndall's married," "*Arthur* Tyndall's married," "*Arthur* Tyndall's married," was their reiterated tidings, and every word of it seemed to beat itself into her brain.

"Now that he is married," murmured she, "I must return him this. Why did I not give it him before?"

She took a little anchor of gold from her bosom, in whose white depths it was wont to lie hidden, and contemplated it with sorrowful eyes.

"Perhaps it was my keeping *that* which made him look and speak so when I met him on the bridge. Well, he shall have it back now. Yes, my one jewel, my sole treasure for so many years, you must go! There are the letters, too, which he wrote me from college, that I have kissed and wept over so often: must he have those also? May he not conclude I have lost or burned them? No; he can not. He forgot *me*, but he can not think that I ever forgot him. Burned? Lost? No; he will know better than that. They must go back. I will give them him without a word when I see him next."

Here she hurriedly thrust the trinket back whence it came, and started to her feet.

"What?" exclaimed a voice of astonishment; "Alice Renn, and without a book in her hand!"

It was Mr. Glyddon who addressed her; and notwithstanding that he was an efficient member of the village choral society, his tone was unusually musical as he did so. It was always gentle when he spoke to the lock-keeper's daughter, but also somewhat sad. It was gentle now, even to tenderness; but there was a buoyancy in the tone (or so it seemed to Jenny) which she had never noticed before, and it jarred upon her ear.

"I was looking at the book of Nature, Mr. Glyddon, which has more to tell us than you quite give it credit for."

By comparison with the ordinary British maiden Jenny was rather an *esprit fort*. The rector and she had had many a good-natured assault of arms together upon theological matters; he attired in full armor of orthodoxy, and riding on the high horse of ecclesiastical supremacy; and she, as it were, clothed but in buff jerkin of common-sense, and armed with the bow of sense of justice and the shafts of native humor. When he came thundering down upon her with the lance of authority, she would step lightly aside, and sometimes send an arrow through the joints of his harness that went home. To do him justice, he had been always ready for the combat—perhaps it was the best chance he had of getting her to talk with him alone—while she did but stand on her defense; but on the present occasion their respective tactics seemed reversed: she had offered him battle by throwing down that gage of the book of Nature, and yet he did not pick it up.

"This scene is a fair leaf of it, indeed," said he; "and yet how the place is marred by those who haunt it!"

"Thank you, Sir." This acknowledgment was accompanied by an elaborate courtesy.

"My dear Miss Alice, you surely can not think that I was referring to yourself?"

"I didn't know," answered she, demurely. "When I have heard you say, 'There all was peace and beauty,' etc., it has been generally followed by a reference to the presence of the infidel."

"Don't talk so lightly, Alice. I should be distressed and pained indeed, did I think *you* were deserving of such a name. What I had in my mind was the unfortunate association of this place—the set of people whose business necessarily brings them hither, with their brutal manners, and still more shocking language."

"Do you mean the boating gentlemen or the bargees?"

The simplicity of the tone of this inquiry would have made the fortune of a comic actress. Jenny knew well enough that Mr. Glyddon meant the bargees, but also that he was very jealous of the gentlemen rowers, whose toast she was, in spite of herself, though they were seldom vouchsafed a sight of her; and, indeed, the very mention of them irritated him.

"The bargees, of course," said he. "It makes me shudder to think of your being obliged to listen to them."

"One is obliged to listen to many things, Mr. Glyddon, to which one would willingly shut one's ears," answered she, significantly. "But as for their bad language—which my friend the lasher here, however, is so good as to drown—that is not half so bad, to my mind, as seeing them beat their horses. When a man blasphemes his Creator, he does not do it with impunity, I suppose, and the Maker of all things is far beyond the reach of his ill humors; but the poor horse is not. For my part, I have a firm belief that words—for ill as well as for good—have not the weight of deeds."

"It is the intention, however, my good girl, that makes the sin," observed the rector, mounting his ecclesiastical steed in spite of his determination not to do so. "If it were a man's intention to ill treat his horse, even though something should occur to prevent him, he would be as culpable as if he had done it."

"It would not be so bad for the horse, however," observed Jenny, slyly. "Now suppose (for one may suppose any thing) the bargee intended to go to church, and then thought better of it (I beg pardon—worse of it), would it be equally creditable to him as though he had actually gone?"

"My good girl, you know better than that. Every body knows that 'hell is paved with good intentions.'"

"Who told you that? Is it in the Bible? If not, why are you clergymen so fond of quoting it? You seem to me to take a positive pleasure—I mean many of you do so—in narrowing the way and closing the gate against miserable sinners. If a bad intention unfulfilled is as bad as a bad act, a good intention unfulfilled ought to be worth something, surely."

The rector moved uneasily on his theological steed. This shaft had found its way, if not to some vital portion of his frame, to a more or less tender one. Before he could seat himself in the saddle again to his complete satisfaction Jenny let fly another arrow:

"You are good people, you clergymen—much better than most of us, I grant—but you are not ingenuous. You will concede nothing to your adversaries; you don't know how to give up with a good grace a position that has been shown to be untenable. Why don't you own at once that sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander?"

"Because it isn't," rejoined the rector, sharply. "Take that very proverb, for instance, in its literal sense—'What is right for the woman is right for the man.' That is not the case."

"But it ought to be, Mr. Glyddon."

"You know you can not maintain *that* position, my good girl. Men and women are *not* equal; they were not made so from the first. Nature herself would teach us that, even if we had not the Scriptures. Read the earliest record of human life that we possess—the Old Testament—"

"Yes; I know very well that women are only spoken of there as gleaners or pitcher-carriers. But it was only men who wrote that account of them."

"Inspired men, however," said the rector, gravely.

"It is a pity," answered Jenny, with irritation, "that there were no inspired women."

The thought of Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, passed across the rector's mind, but he dismissed it as being scarcely apposite to the argument.

"You are fighting against nature and religion together," said he. "The world accepts the inequality of the sexes as decisively as the church; I have been reading Her words this very day upon that subject."

This was the first reference that had been made by either Jenny or the rector to the ceremony which he had performed that morning in town; and yet it had been filling—though with very different feelings—the thoughts of both of them. Not even when Arthur had come down to Swansdale an engaged man did the rector feel sure that something might not happen to break off the match. It might have been possible for a man (though he would not himself have thought so) to forget Alice Renn during long years of absence; but even one who had so forgotten her could scarce be proof against her surpassing charms when his eyes once more beheld them. Although, therefore, the rector could not but blame Arthur's conduct with respect to Jenny, it did not seem to him, in the face of such great temptation, wholly inexcusable. He knew that she loved her old flame still, and that while he was attainable, was within the possibility of becoming hers, there had been no hope for himself in that quarter; but now—now that his friend had given her up once for all, and married another woman—there would surely be more chance for *him*: the great reward for his long and patient waiting would fall into his loving arms at last. For he had loved Jenny from the first, even though he knew there had been some tender passages between Tyndall and herself, and had hoped in his secret heart for the very thing that had actually come to pass—namely, that absence would cool the passion of one or the other of them. And even when he heard that it had done so in Arthur's case, though chivalry toward his friend no longer kept him silent, as it had hitherto done, he had kept silence still. For though suspense is hard to bear, it is not, after all, so hard as that rough shock of disappointment and refusal which he had only too good reason to fear would be his fate if he asked Jenny for her love while Arthur was unmarried. "The fair field" was at last his own, but (alas!), as it seemed, "no favor." Rather than even now hear him speak upon the subject next his heart, she met him with arguments and contradictions which seemed more woful, because more out of place, than ever. He would fain have agreed with her upon every topic, had his conscience permitted him to do so, and through sweet accord have led her tenderly to the consideration of his suit.

Of course there were circumstances in Jenny's case which caused her to hold a different position toward himself than might have been expected, considering their relations in life. He was the rector of the parish, and so far a man of some importance and dignity, while she was but a lock-keeper's daughter; but this disparity was apparent rather than real, for old Jacob Renn was reported to be rich, and had been known in Swansdale as a man of substance for near half a century, while Jenny's independence did not consist in means alone, but in character. She had helped the rector with his schools and choir, and did so even yet; but out of the school-room and the church she held her own opinions, and expressed them with freedom. He had set himself to convert this beautiful heretic, but not at present with any decisive success. Their ages were about the same; and if he were her superior in learning, she, on the other hand, was gifted with better wits, and even with an originality of mind most unusual with one of her sex and position; and now he felt himself less able than ever to contend with her, with that traitor in his own camp, his heart, urging him to dismount from his ecclesiastical steed, and fling away shield and spear, and throw himself on his knees at her dainty feet. He was a kindly Christian gentleman, bent on doing good—though somewhat obstinate in doing it after a particular fashion—singularly free from taint of grossness, and with an honest contempt for the airs and ways of gallantry; but at this moment he would perhaps have bartered some of his solid virtues for the possession of handsome features, a graceful form, and the art of expressing fitly the tender feelings within him. He knew that his face was plain, his shape ungainly, his manners stiff and formal, and, in his humility, thought such drawbacks to be even greater defects in woman's eyes than they really are.

Even when he had got to speak of the ceremony that he had solemnized that morning he lacked the address to turn the opportunity to his own account; nay, on the contrary, its approximation to the matter he would have spoken of so terrified him that, in place of pursuing the subject, he flew off at a tangent. "If you want to see the place of women in society accurately defined, Miss Alice," said he, "you should read Dr. Straitlace on 'The Handmaidens of the Church.'"

"Perhaps I may," said Jenny; "but I remember Miss Blanche telling me that Dr. Straitlace was almost a papist."

"He is a most wise and excellent man, my good girl," returned Mr. Glyddon, hotly—for he was himself accused of leaning toward the scarlet woman—"whatever foolish people may choose to say of him."

Now Jenny detested to be "my-good-girled" by the rector or any body else, justly conceiving that that form of words implied intellectual patronage and condescension; and she did not like her friend Miss Blanche to be called foolish. "Well, I'll read it," said she, humbly, "since you think so highly of him, Mr. Glyddon. He was the same gentleman, if I remember right, who distinguished himself so highly at Oxford by advocating the Celibacy of the Clergy." Jenny was very miserable on her own account, which must be her excuse for a retort so cruel; and directly she had spoken she would have given much to have recalled her words. She had undoubtedly intended them to bear a certain significance. On his first coming into the parish, as a very young man, enamored of Puseyism, but ignorant of Jenny, Mr. Glyddon had himself advocated the celibacy of the clergy as well as all other points of the High-Church charter; but she was well aware that the extreme solicitude exhibited by this excellent theologian for her conversion to his ritualistic views had been of late years mingled with a more tender feeling, the idea of which was to-day, of all days, especially unwelcome to her. She wished, once for all, to cure him of his wound, but had she known how deep and tender it was, she would not have used such ungentle surgery. Just as though this blow had been a material one dealt in his face, the color rose upon the rector's high cheek-bones, and his honest eyes grew moist with tears.

"You are angry with me, Alice," said he, in a plaintive voice. "Forgive me, if I have annoyed you."

"I am angry with myself, Mr. Glyddon, for being angry on such small occasion," answered Jenny, earnestly, "and I should say rather, 'Forgive *me*.'"

"You would have me forget *you*," he blurted out, with sorrowful pathos. "Yes; you would say: 'Forgive, and then *Forget*.' I read it in your eyes."

She did not answer him, for she could say nothing that could please or comfort him; but she pitied him from her soul. Her silence and her pity gave him courage at last to ask what his heart nevertheless foreboded would be denied.

"Dear Alice, I have loved you for many a year," sighed he, "when you have never dreamed of it; but now I see you know it. Take pity upon me. You do so? Well, and pity is akin to love, they say."

She shook her head, but suffered him to retain the hand he had seized, though it lay in his own without response.

"I know, Alice, you have not the love to give that you once gave to another"—he could feel that little hand growing cold and heavy in his hold as lead, yet he went on—"but I am content with less, far less. Even if you do not love me at all, I can wait in hope. In time, perhaps—now you know how I hope and pray for it—you may learn to do so—just a little."

"I respect and like you very, very much, Mr. Glyddon," said she, gravely; "but you ask me for what I have not to give. You can not raise the dead, and my love is dead, and— Listen! that is its knell!"

The merry marriage-peal was still filling the trembling air above them, and for a full minute they both listened to it, while it wailed out, "My love is dead," "My love is dead," "My love is dead," before either spoke again.

Then, "I know that well," said the rector, softly; "it was cruel of me to speak to you like this upon the very day it died: a week hence, a month, a year, I will ask you once again, Alice, and even then I will not expect too much."

"Mr. Glyddon, it is no use," said Jenny, "nor will it ever be. It may be different with other girls—and better girls than I—but as for me, I can love but once."

"But you can not love Arthur Tyndall *now*," reasoned the poor rector, "for that would be sinful."

"Can I not?" she answered, with a strange, sad smile. "You talk of love, Sir, but you know not what it is. There is, however, no need to argue upon that matter, since one thing is certain—if I may not love him, I *can not* love another. What! are you still not answered? Well, then, years ago I made a vow—Heaven was my witness, though you are the first man to know it—that I would never marry any but Arthur. You would not have me forswear myself, I know."

So she thought, and so would he have thought an hour ago; but the good rector was, after all, but human. As the existence of buried Herculaneum was not dreamed of for centuries, and would never have been discovered but for the sinking of a well, so there is many a man who goes through life without any necessity arising for the revelation of his inmost feelings. The lava-mud of conventionalism is sometimes very deep and hard, but under it all lies human nature. Ritualism—like many another "ism" and "opathy"—is excellent and all-sufficient when there is nothing much the matter; but, like thin ice with a weight too great for it, it breaks down when the pressure is serious. The rector found himself face to face, for the first time, not only with the declared object of his affections, but *with himself*, and if he had had time to contemplate his own features thus disclosed, he would scarcely have recognized them.

"Such a vow as you speak of, dearest Alice, is naught," cried he, impetuously; "or if it be aught, it is better broken. What right had you to devote your whole life and being to any human creature, as though he were something sacred, in place of the faithless man that his conduct has proved him to be? Why is he, because he has played *you* false, to make *my* life also miserable and lonesome? Do you suppose, because I do my duty in the station to which I have been called, and am not at the bidding of every reckless impulse, that I can not love—that, like the blessed martyrs of old, I walk about in the burning fiery furnace of passion unconsumed? I tell you, no! I love you, I adore you, I worship you, as much, nay, Heaven forgive me! *more* than man should worship woman."

He would have thrown himself on his knees before her, as if to a veritable patron saint, had she not stopped him.

"Do not abase yourself, Mr. Glyddon; do not do what you will be ashamed to think of in your calmer moments," cried she, with tender earnestness. "I pity you; I respect you; I am sorry, beyond the power of words to tell, to pain you thus; but it is better for you to know the truth, however bitter, than to encourage a baseless hope. I will never marry you, nor any man."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An inhabitant of a suburban town, after spending a convivial evening, was discovered among the carrots and cabbages of his humble garden, wrapped in slumber. "Well, Bill," said an admiring friend, as he shook the prostrate youth, "what are you doing out here?" "Watching for a hen that's stole her nest," was the sententious answer. "But what are your eyes shut for, Bill?" "Don't want the old hen to see me," gruffly replied the sleeping philosopher.

THE ROCK THAT TOPERS SPLIT ON—Quartz.

An old lady is inclined to think that a compass must be the best sewing-machine, because she heard it had a needle with thirty-two points.

THE READY-MONEY SYSTEM—Dun, or be done.

A lady well known as a politician always accosts a stranger with, "I think I have seen you somewhere," which often leads to a clew for her finding out the history of the party. One evening recently she played off her usual game on a gentleman who understood her character, and who replied, "Most likely, madam, for I sometimes go there."

How much cloth is required to make a spirit-wrapper?

Handcuffs are like guide-books, because they are made for two wrists.

"Is your note good?" said a mechanic to one of our citizens yesterday, on receiving a "promise to pay." "It ought to be," was the reply; "every body's got one."

The other day an excited individual accosted a street *gamin* with the question, "Say, bub, which is the quickest way for me to get to the railway dépôt?" "Run!" was the response.

What belongs to yourself, and is used by every body more than yourself?—Your name.

A member of the Wyoming Legislature, seeking to sustain a point of order, jerked his coat off with, "Mr. Speaker, if some reliable man will hold these duds, I'll show him that he is out of order." The point was sustained.

A SEA-SAW—The sword-fish.

An old bachelor, who had become melancholy and poetical, wrote some verses for the village paper, in which he expressed the hope that the time would come when he should

"Rest calmly in a shroud,
With a weeping-willow by my side;"

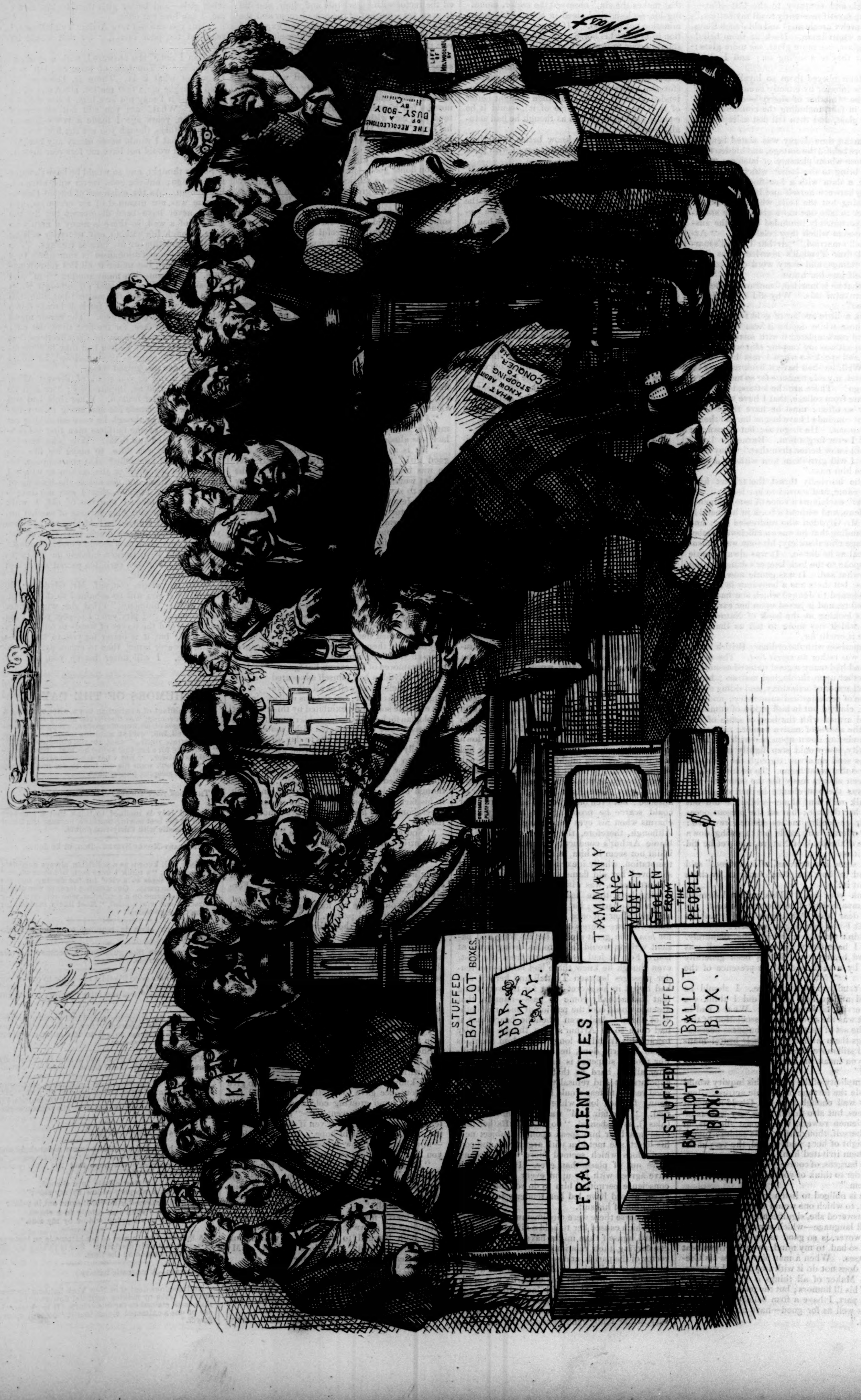
but to his inexpressible horror it came out in print:

"When I shall rest calmly in a shawl,
With a whopping widow by my side."

A matronly cat in care of her kittens is an instance of severe matronly discipline. She is licking her offspring pretty much all the time.

SHOCKING—A magnetic battery.

An ingenious dentist of New York lightens his more arduous tasks by making artificial flowers out of human teeth stained in various colors. It is pleasant to say of one's extracted molar that it "cometh up as a flower."



THE DEATH-BED MARRIAGE.

THE DAUGHTER OF DEMOCRACY HAS AT LAST MARRIED A "NIGGER!" (A RADICAL BLACK REPUBLICAN)—JULY 10, 1872.

"THE TREE IS KNOWN BY HIS FRUIT."

[Copied from one of Mr. Greeley's Missouri Organs.]

Lexington Caucasian.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY!

WHITE SUPREMACY!

—AND—

REPUDIATION!

THIS IS LIBERTY!

Our Motto.

Never Despair of the Republic!

Our Platform.

The Constitution of 1860, and the Rights of the States!

Our Doctrines.

This is a White Man's Government, made by White Men, for White Men, and their Posterity, Forever!

DOWN WITH the FIFTEENTH BEDAMNEDMENT!

Total Repudiation of the Monstrous Yankee War Debt!—That Accursed, Unconstitutional Burden, accumulated by an Unconstitutional Mob styling itself a Congress, in the prosecution of an Unconstitutional Crusade, for the Accomplishment of an Unconstitutional and Horrid Purpose!

DOWN WITH BOND-HOLDERS AND TAXATION!

Subordination of the Military to the Civil Authorities.

DOWN WITH THE SATRAPS!

Equal Taxation and the Rightful Representation of all the States, or

ANOTHER REBELLION!

Revolution must be met by Counter Revolution!—Force by Force!—Violence by Violence!—And Usurpation should be Overthrown, if needs be, by the Bayonet!

DOWN WITH TEST OATHS and REGISTRATIONS!

VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!

FOR PRESIDENT,

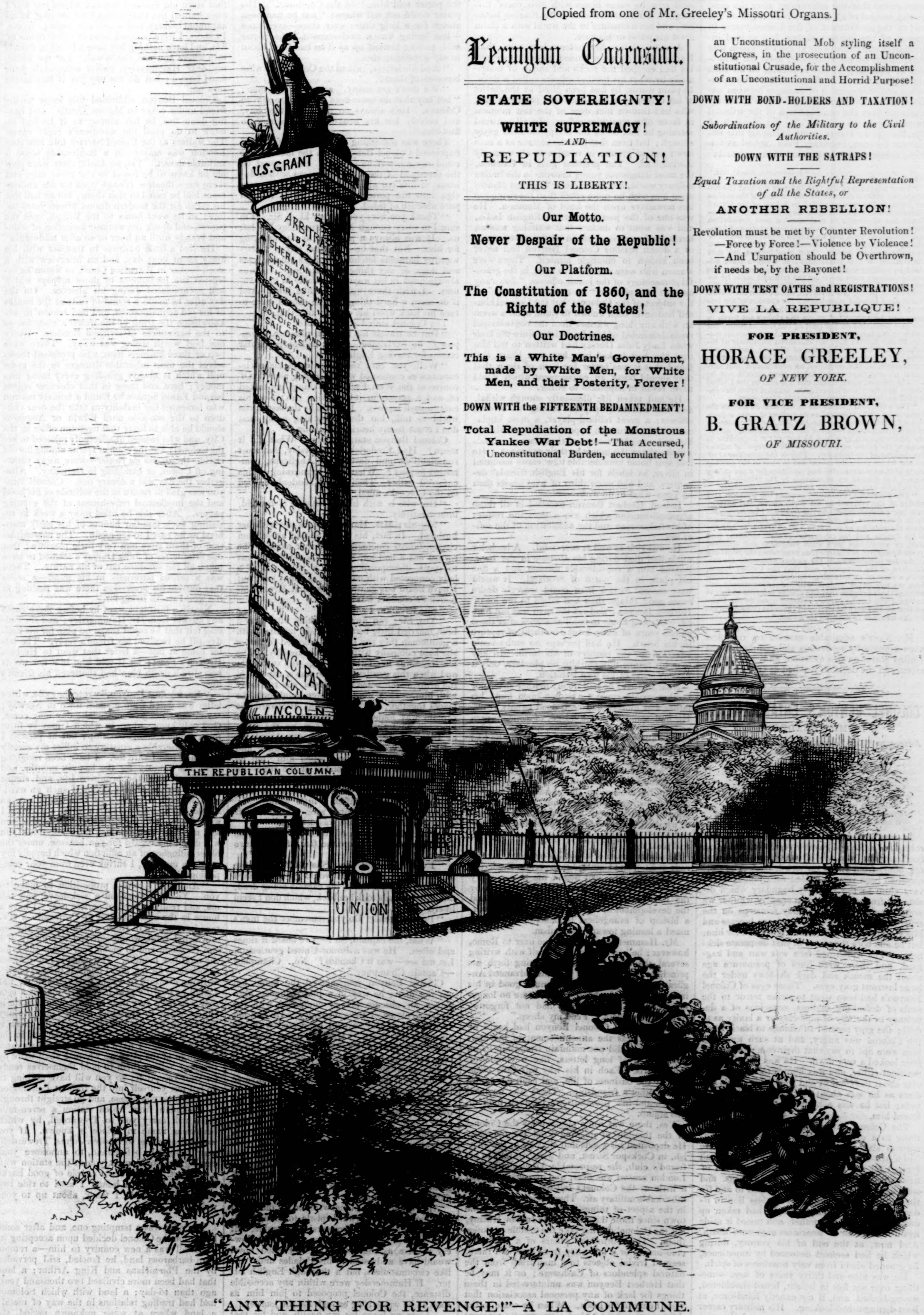
HORACE GREELEY,

OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

B. GRATZ BROWN,

OF MISSOURI.



"ANY THING FOR REVENGE!"—À LA COMMUNE.

THE "ALABAMA" CLAIMS.

At the conference of the Geneva Tribunal on the 19th of June Count Sclopis made the announcement that the arbitrators, after the most careful perusal of all that has been urged on the part of the government of the United States in respect of the indirect claims, had arrived individually and collectively at the conclusion that these claims do not constitute, upon the principles of international law applicable to all such cases, good foundation for an award of compensation and computation of damages between nations, and should upon such principles be wholly excluded from the consideration of the tribunal in making up its award. To the dispatch of Mr. Bancroft Davis, communicating this important decision, Secretary Fish replied as follows, accepting the declaration of the tribunal:

"Washington, *June* 23, 1872.

"*To* Davis, *Geneva:*

"Your telegram of the 19th informs me that the *tribunal has made a declaration that a class of the claims set forth in the case presented in behalf of the United States does not constitute, upon the principles of international law applicable to such cases, a good foundation for an award of compensation and computation of damages between nations, and upon such principles should be wholly excluded from the consideration of the tribunal in making up its award.* You also inform me that the counsel of this government at Geneva have advised in writing that they are of the opinion that the announcement thus made by the tribunal must be received by the United States as determinative of the question of public law involved, *upon which the United States have insisted upon taking the opinion of the tribunal;* that the counsel advise, therefore, that this judgment be submitted to on the claims set forth in the case presented on the part of the United States for losses in the transfer of the American commercial marine to the British flag, the enhanced payments of insurance, and the prolongation of the war, and the addition of a large sum to the cost of the war and the suppression of the rebellion, as adjudicated and disposed of, and that consequently they should not be further insisted upon before the tribunal by the United States, but should be henceforth excluded from its consideration by the tribunal in making its award.

"The President directs me to say that *he accepts the declaration of the tribunal as its judgment upon a question of public law which he had felt that the interests of both governments required should be decided, and for the determination of which he had felt it important to present the claim referred to for the purpose of taking the opinion of the tribunal. This is the attainment of an end which this government had in view in the putting forth of these claims. We had no desire for a pecuniary award, but desired an expression by the tribunal as to the liability of a neutral for claims of that character.*

"The President, therefore, accepts the opinion and advice of the counsel as set forth above, and authorizes the announcement to the *tribunal that he accepts their declaration as determinative of their judgment upon the question of public law upon which he had felt it his duty to seek the expression of their opinion; and that, in accordance with such judgment and opinion, from henceforth he regards it as precluding the propriety of further insisting upon the claims covered by the declaration of the tribunal;* and that the United States, with a view of maintaining the due course of arbitration on the other claims, without adjournment, announce their opinion that the claims referred to by the tribunal will not be further insisted upon by the United States, and may be excluded from its consideration by the tribunal in making its award."

Mr. Nast's admirable cartoon on our first page graphically represents the position of the United States on this question, and their acquiescence in the decision reached at Geneva.

COLONEL BENYON'S ENTANGLEMENT.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play."

It was late in July when Herbert Benyon, colonel of a Bengal cavalry regiment, landed at Southampton from one of the P. and O. steamers, home from India on sick-leave. The Colonel had been very ill indeed with jungle fever; very close to the shadowy boundary which divides us from that unknown country whither we are all journeying with steady footsteps on the separate roads of life. The fresh sea-breezes and idle steamboat life had done a good deal for him, but he still bore the traces of that desperate sickness. The sunburned face was wan and haggard, and there were lines of premature age about the mouth and dark shadows under the large lustrous gray eyes. Those eyes of Colonel Benyon's had been wont to strike terror to the souls of defaulting soldiers, conscious of a deficiency in the way of pipe-clay or a laxity as to drill; the gray seemed to change to black when the Colonel was angry, and at such times his men were apt to say that their commanding officer looked a very devil. He was not exactly a martinet either, and was known to be as particular about the comfort and well-being of his soldiers as he was about their appearance on parade; but he was a hard master, and his men feared him.

The Colonel gave a sigh, that was the next thing to a groan, as the express from Southampton slackened its pace at Waterloo. He had a first-class carriage all to himself, and had littered all the seats with an accumulation of newspapers, dispatch-boxes, dressing-bags, and such light luggage. He had tramped to and fro the narrow space, like some restless lion in its den, during that rapid journey; had taken up one newspaper after another, and tossed it aside again with an air of weariness nigh unto death. And now, at the end of his journey, during which he had seemed devoured by impatience, he groaned aloud from very heaviness of spirit.

He was nine-and-thirty years of age, something over six feet in height, broad-shouldered, strong-limbed, and, if not exactly handsome, at least distinguished-looking. His military career had been one continued success, and the men who knew him best prophesied for him distinction in the future. He had been eleven years away from England, and had passed through the fiery furnace of the Indian Mutiny, reaping a harvest of laurels from that most bloody field. And now he came home with two years' furlough, a handsome balance at his English bankers', and not a creature in the world with a claim upon his purse or his care.

A more thoroughly independent man than Herbert Benyon never landed upon British soil. He had escaped the rocks and shoals of matrimony by what his brother officers called a fluke. In plain words, he had been jilted at the outset of his career by a high-born and penniless flirt, who had thrown him over at the last moment in favor of a wealthier suitor. In all outward seeming he had borne his disappointment gayly enough; but from that hour he became as a man hewn out of granite in relation to all womanly fascinations. The prettiest girls in Calcutta, the most dangerous young matrons in the Indian military world, had flashed their brightest glances upon him with no more effect than the rising sun has nowadays upon the head of Memnon. He was one of the best waltzers in English India, and was wont to declare that waltzing was an intellectual exercise; but in all the giddy mazes of a dozen seasons Colonel Benyon had never been known to entangle himself. There were women who were said to have been, in the graceful phraseology of the junior officers, "down any amount of a pit," or "up no end of a tree," on the subject of the Colonel; but the Colonel himself had never been known to smile upon a woman with any thing warmer than the conventional smile demanded of him by society, since the hour when Lady Julia Dursay had written to tell him that she had looked into her own heart, and found that it was better for both of them that they should break an engagement which could never result in happiness to either.

He had taken life pleasantly enough withal, and was eminently popular among his brother officers: a great billiard-player, a most implacable and inscrutable opponent at the whist-table, and a mighty hunter of those larger animals which enliven the jungle by their existence. He had sent home innumerable tiger claws mounted in silver, as labels for his English friends' decanters, and had more skins of wild beasts than he knew what to do with.

Indeed, Herbert Benyon excelled in all those accomplishments which win a man the respect of his fellow-men and the admiration of the softer sex.

He was rich as well as successful. A bachelor uncle had died during his absence in the East, leaving him a considerable fortune and a fine old place in the north of Scotland. It would have seemed as if a man could scarcely desire more good things than had fallen to the lot of Herbert Benyon; and yet the man was not happy. Coming home to familiar scenes after those eleven years of exile awoke no thrill of rapture in his heart. He had perhaps no enthusiastic affection for the country of his birth. In any case his return brought him no pleasure, only a gloomy sense of his own isolation.

Near relatives he had none; neither sister nor brother would smile a welcome upon him: his father and mother had been dead twenty years. He had some distant kindred, of course—men and women who bore his name, and professed a certain amount of affection for him; and he had friends by the score—the people to whom he had sent tiger claws, and wonderful inlaid boxes lined with sandal-wood, and Cashmere shawls, and embroidered muslins, and all those treasures of Ind wherewith the wanderer is wont to gratify his acquaintance: but that was all. Among all the men he knew there was only one to whose friendly smile and welcoming grasp of the hand he looked forward with any ray of real pleasure.

This was a man of about his own age, a comrade at Eton and Cambridge, a certain Frederick Hammersley, who had begun life as a country curate, and had been spoiled for the church by the inheritance of a comfortable fortune, and the development of views in which his diocesan, a bishop of evangelical tendencies, had recognized a leaning toward Romanism.

Mr. Hammersley had not gone over to Rome, however; he had contented himself with writing several theological pamphlets setting forth his principles, which were of the most advanced Anglican school, and with doing much good in his immediate neighborhood. If he were no longer an accredited shepherd, he had not forgotten the Divine precept, "Feed my sheep."

The last that Colonel Benyon had heard of this friend was the announcement of his marriage. They did not maintain friendship by an interchange of long letters, like a couple of school-girls. Each in his way was fully occupied by the business of life, and each felt secure of the other's friendship. There was no need of pen-and-ink protestations between men of this stamp.

Yes, there was some pleasure for the Colonel in the thought of meeting Fred Hammersley. He deposited his goods and chattels at the British, in Cockspur Street, and went straight to his friend's club, the respectable Athenæum. The London season was over, and passers-by stared a little at the Colonel's tall figure, with its unmistakable military air. There were some changes in the aspect of things even at this end of the town since those days before the Indian Mutiny, but the Colonel did not take the trouble to notice them. The Corinthian pillars of a renovated club-house, or a new shop-front here and there, seemed trivial objects to a man fresh from the natural splendors of Cashmere; or it may be that Herbert Benyon was uninterested in these things for lack of any personal association that went home to his heart. When he came to the Athenæum, where he had eaten many a pleasant dinner with his old friend, the familiar look of the hall stirred something in his breast that was almost emotion.

He was doomed to encounter a disappointment here. "Mr. Hammersley was abroad," the porter told him, "on the Continent." The porter could not tell where; "but he had been absent for a long time: ever since—ever since—last spring was a twelvemonth," the porter said, pulling himself up as if he had been about to say something else.

"And his letters," asked the Colonel—"what becomes of them?"

"We don't get many," answered the man; "but any that do come here for him are sent to Coutts's. He's always on the move, they say, and nobody but his bankers knows where to find him."

There was something in the man's face that impressed Colonel Benyon with the idea that he could say more if he pleased. He lingered on the threshold of the strangers' room with a dubious, meditative air, and slipped half a sovereign into the porter's hand almost as if from pure absence of mind.

"Thank you, Sir; you're very kind, Sir. I'm sure I'm sorry enough Mr. Hammersley has left us. It was always a pleasure to do any thing for him. Not that he ever gave any trouble—wanting hansoms fetched when it's raining cats and dogs, or any thing of that kind. He was always quiet in his ways and affable in his manners. I wish there was more like him. And it do seem a hard thing that he should have to turn his back upon his country like that."

The Colonel stared at the speaker.

"But he travels for his own pleasure, I suppose?" he exclaimed. "He had no particular reason for leaving England?"

"Well, yes, Sir; there was unpleasant circumstances connected with his going away. Of course at the West End those things get talked of, and a person in my position can't shut his ears to such reports. I should be the last in the world to talk, but there's nothing going that don't come to my hearing somehow."

Colonel Benyon stared aghast. What did it mean? Had Frederick Hammersley, that most conscientious and devoted of Anglicans, committed forgery? What was the meaning of this enforced exile? Then a light suddenly flashed on the Colonel's mind.

"His wife is with him, I suppose?" he said, interrogatively.

"No, Sir; Mrs. Hammersley is not with her husband. In fact, his going abroad arose from circumstances connected with that party. She turned out a bad lot, Sir. I should be the last to speak disrespectfully of a lady, and of a lady connected with ourselves, as I may say; but I have heard our gentlemen say that Mrs. Hammersley's conduct was very bad."

"She left him, I suppose?"

"Yes, Sir; ran away from him, after they'd been married little better than six months, with a gentleman they say she was engaged to before she kept company with Mr. Hammersley. The marriage was her father's doing, so I've heard; and when this gentleman, who was a captain in the army, came home from India, she ran away with him. They went to Orstend and such-like places together, and two months afterward the captain was found dead early one September morning, shot through the heart, on the sands at Blankenburg. There was a great piece of work. Every one thought it was a duel, and that Mr. Hammersley had killed him; but he was supposed to be in London at the time—no one had seen him or heard of him in Belgium—and they never tried to bring it home to him. The matter dropped after a little while. Mr. Hammersley got a divorce soon after, and left England directly his case was decided."

"And what became of the lady?" asked the Colonel, curious to know the fate of a creature so lost.

"I've never heard, Sir. She made no defense in the Divorce Court. It would go rather hard with her, I should think, the captain being dead, unless her friends took her back, which don't seem likely."

"Poor wretch! Do you remember the man's name?"

"What, the captain, Sir? I've heard it times and often. He was a Junior-United gentleman. Let me see—was it Chandos? No. Champney—Captain Champney."

Colonel Benyon remembered the name, but not the man; he was in a line regiment, altogether an obscure person compared with the dashing colonel of Bengal cavalry. He had not even heard of the scandal connected with the poor fellow's death. He had never been an eager devourer of English newspapers, unless they had some bearing on the politics of martial India; so whatever mention there had been of Champney's death and Hammersley's divorce had escaped him.

He left the Athenæum and strolled into his own club, the Senior United Service, very much cast down. He ordered his dinner; it was growing dusk by this time, and the coffee-room had an empty and even sepulchral look, with lamps glimmering here and there in the twilight, like the religious gloom of some Egyptian temple. Modern architects have a knack of giving an air of Carthage or Babylon to their public dining-rooms.

After dinner the Colonel wrote to his old friend an honest, straightforward epistle, touching lightly upon Frederick Hammersley's trouble, but withal full of manly sympathy—not such a flowery missive as the Orestes of a French novel would have addressed to his Pylades under the like circumstances, but a thorough English letter. If Hammersley were within any accessible distance, the Colonel proposed to join him as soon as he was strong enough for the journey.

"I am on leave for my health, and for that alone," he wrote; "and I do not see why I should not get well as fast, or perhaps faster, abroad than I should in England. I have scarcely an association in this country that I care to renew. I am not even eager to visit that stern old Scottish barrack where you and I once hunted the Caledonian boar or stag, in an autumnal holiday, and which now belongs to me. In short, I have outlived most of the illusions of life, and have nothing left save a belief in friendship where you are concerned. Let me come, my dear Hammersley, unless solitude is your fixed humor; but do not say yes if inclination says no."

Colonel Benyon addressed this letter to his friend under cover to Messrs. Coutts; and having done this, he felt almost as if he had no more to do until the wanderer's reply came. The waiters at the United Service told him that London was empty—in a fashionable sense a veritable desert. Yet, no doubt, there were people he knew to be found in the great city, and there were theatres enough open for his amusement had he cared to visit them; but he had lost his relish for the modern drama fifteen years before; so he went home to the British, read the papers, and drank the weakest decoction of soda-and-brandy until an hour or so after midnight.

He had a little business to transact with his army agent next day, and an interview with a stock-broker in Warnford Court, to whom he intrusted the investment of those moneys which had accumulated during his absence. On the day after he made a round of calls at the houses of his old acquaintances, and had reason to acknowledge the truth of the waiter's assertion as to the barrenness of civilized London. Every one best worth seeing was away. There were two or three business men, who professed themselves the most miserable drudges in the great mill which is always grinding every thing into money; here and there in that obscurer region beyond Eaton Square he found a homely matron who lamented her inability to take the dear children to the sea-side until Edwin or Augustus should be able to leave that tiresome office in the City, and who seemed unaffectedly rejoiced to see the Colonel; but the choicer spirits among his old circle—the *dessus du panier*—were away yachting off Cowes, or gambling in Germany. Altogether the day was a dreary one. Colonel Benyon was glad to return to the solitude of his hotel and the intellectual refreshment of the evening papers. After this he idled away a week in revisiting such familiar haunts of his early manhood as he cared to see again. The contemplation of them gave him very little pleasure; that one brief letter of Julia Dursay's seemed to have taken all the sunshine out of his nature. There was a settled bitterness in his mind—a sense that outside his profession there was nothing in the world worth living for.

Nearly a fortnight went by before there came any answer from Mr. Hammersley; and the Colonel felt that he could shape no plan for his holiday till he received his friend's reply. The letter came at last—a letter that went to Herbert Benyon's heart; for it told him in a few words how dire a death-blow had shattered his friend's life.

"No, my dear Benyon," wrote the exile, whose letter was dated from a small town in Norway; "you must not join me. The day may come, God only knows when, in which I may be fitter for a friend's companionship; but at present I am too miserable a creature to inflict my society upon any one I care for. I have been roughing it in this country for the last six months, and like the fishing, the primitive life, and simple friendly people; but I doubt if such an existence in such a climate as this would suit an Anglo-Indian valetudinarian, even supposing I were decent company. I write in all candor, you see, my dear Benyon, and I do not think you will doubt my regard for you because, under the bitter influence of an affliction which happily few men can measure, I shrink even from your companionship.

"And now I have a proposition to make to you. You are home on a sick-leave, you tell me, and really in need of perfect rest. I have a house in the extreme west of Cornwall—a cottage in a garden of roses, within sight of the sea—which I think would suit you to a nicety, if I can persuade you to make your home there for the next few months. The place is full of bitter associations for me, and I doubt if there is another living creature to whom I would offer it; but I shall be heartily glad if you will inhabit a spot that was once very dear to me. The climate is almost equal to Madeira; and if you have any inclination left for that kind of thing, there is plenty of shooting and hunting to be had in the neighborhood. I have a couple of old servants in charge of the place, to whom I shall write by this post, telling them to hold themselves ready for your reception; so you will have nothing to do but put yourself into the train at Paddington any morning you please, and go straight through to Penjudah, from which station a seven-mile drive will carry you to Trewardell, by which barbarous name my place is known. If you would drop a line to Andrew Johns, Trewardell, near Penjudah, beforehand, to announce your coming, he would meet you at the station with a dog-cart. There are a couple of good hacks in the stable, and a hunter I used to ride two years ago, which is, I fancy, about up to your weight."

The offer was a tempting one, and after some hesitation the Colonel decided upon accepting it. Cornwall was a new country to him—a remote semi-barbarous land, he fancied, still pervaded by the Phœnicians and King Arthur; a land that had been more civilized two thousand years ago than to-day; a land with which Solomon had had trading relations in the way of metal; a land where, at some unknown period, the children of Israel had worked as slaves in the

mines; a land of which one might believe any thing and every thing, in fact. There was some smack of adventure in the idea of going to take possession of his absent friend's house, some faint flavor of romance in the whole business. It would be dull, of course; but the Colonel liked solitude, and found himself year by year less inclined for the kind of life most people consider pleasant. He might have spent his autumn in half a dozen fine old country houses, and received unlimited petting from their fair inhabitants, if he had desired that kind of thing, but he did not. He only wanted to recover his old health and vigor, and then to go back to India.

He wrote to Mr. Andrew Johns, informing that worthy of the probable time of his arrival; and three days afterward turned his back upon the great city, and sped away westward across the fields, where the newly cut stubble was still bright and yellow, onward through a region where the land was red, then away skirting the edge of the bright blue water, across Isambard Brunel's wonderful bridge at Saltash, and then along a narrow line that flies over deep gorges in the woodland, through a fair and lonely landscape to the little station of Penjudah.

It was dusk in the late summer evening when the traveler heard the barbarous name of the place called out with the unfamiliar Cornish accent by a stalwart Cornish porter. The train, which had been about a quarter of a mile long when it left Paddington, had dwindled to a few carriages, and those were for the most part empty. Penjudah seemed the very end of the world. The perfect quiet of the place almost startled the Colonel as he stood upon the platform, looking round about him in the faint gray evening light. He found himself deep in the heart of a wooded valley, with no sign of human life within sight except the two officials who made up the staff of Penjudah station. There was a balmy odor of pines, and a subdued rustle of leaves lightly stirred by the warm west wind. Among the Indian hills he could scarcely remember a scene more lonely. A rabbit ran down a wooded bank and scudded across the line while he was looking about him. The guard told him afterward that scores of these vermin might be seen playing about the line at odd times. The trains were not frequent enough to scare them.

Outside the station the Colonel found an elderly man-servant, out of livery, with a smart dog-cart and a capital horse.

This was Andrew Johns. He handed the reins to the traveler, and took his seat behind in charge of Colonel Benyon's portmanteaus; and a few minutes afterward the Colonel was driving up a hilly road that wound across the twilit woods. That seven miles' drive to Trewardell was all up and down hill. The Colonel had rarely encountered a stiffer road even in the East, but the landscape, dimly seen in that dubious light, seemed to him very beautiful; and he was glad that he had accepted his friend's offer. From the top of one of the hills he caught a glimpse of the distant sea; on the summit of another there was a stretch of common-land, and a tall obelisk that served as a beacon for all the country-side, a monumental tribute to a great Indian soldier.

Something over half an hour brought them into a valley, where there was a church with a square tower surmounted with stone pinnacles—a church of some pretension for a parish which consisted of about half a dozen houses. Close to the church were the gates of Trewardell. They stood open to receive the stranger; and after a winding drive through a shrubbery, the Colonel saw the lighted windows of a long low white-walled cottage half smothered in foliage and flowers.

Mrs. Johns and a fat-faced house-maid were waiting in the hall, and a male hanger-on in corduroy and a stable-jacket was in attendance to receive the horse. Every thing within looked bright and home-like; one might have fancied the house in full occupation. The hall was low and wide, with paneled walls painted white, and hung with water-colored sketches prettily framed. The dining-room was a comfortable square apartment, with light oak furniture of the modern medieval order, and dark blue silk hangings. The drawing-room opened out of it, and was more of a boudoir or lady's morning-room than an actual drawing-room. Every where, in the dining-room, and even in the entrance hall, there were books, from ponderous folios (choice editions on elephant-paper) to the daintiest duodecimos in white vellum binding. There was a brightness and prettiness about every thing which the Colonel never remembered to have noticed in any house before. It looked like a home that had been made beautiful by the hands of a lover preparing a bower for his bride.

"A woman must have been hard to please who could not make herself happy here, and with so good a fellow as Fred Hammersley," he said to himself.

An excellent dinner had been prepared for him, at which repast the versatile Mr. Johns waited, and proved himself an admirable butler. The Colonel asked him a good many questions about the neighborhood in the course of the meal, to all of which Mr. Johns replied with considerable intelligence; but he uttered no word about his absent master, or of the kind of existence that he had led there in the brief period of his wedded life.

It was ten o'clock when Colonel Benyon had finished dinner, a warm moon-lit night; so he went out to explore the gardens and enjoy his evening smoke. It might be very long before any feminine presence would lend its grace to those bright-looking rooms, but Herbert Benyon would as soon have thought of committing sacrilege as of desecrating his friend's house with the odor of tobacco. A woman had left the impress of her individuality upon every thing. Those water-colored sketches in the hall were signed by a woman's hand; in the drawing-room there were caskets and writing-cases, work-baskets and photograph albums—innumerable trifles that were unmistakably a woman's belongings. It seemed as if every thing had been religiously preserved exactly as the traitress had left it. Colonel Benyon could fancy her last look round this room, or fancied that he could fancy it. There was a low arm-chair on one side of the fire-place, with a gem of a work-table beside it—her seat, of course. How often had she sat there meditating treason, with her husband sitting opposite to her, perhaps, watching her fondly all the while, and thanking God for having given him so sweet a wife!

"Confound the woman!" muttered the Colonel, impatiently; "I can't get her out of my mind."

It did indeed seem to him to-night as if that false wife had left an evil influence upon the scene of her iniquity. He could not feel at ease in the house; he could not help wondering and speculating about that lost creature.

"Where is she now?" he asked himself; and then there arose before him an image of her sitting alone in some sordid Continental lodging, poor, friendless, desolate; or, worse, flaunting on a Parisian boulevard, in the livery of sin. Do what he would, he could not help thinking of her.

"It will wear off in time, I suppose," he said to himself; "but upon my word, if I were her husband, I could scarcely worry myself more about her."

He went out into the gardens, and roamed about among the flower beds and in the darksome shrubbery paths, smoking and communing with himself for more than an hour. The grounds of Trewardell were spacious and lovely, quite out of proportion with the humble pretensions of the house. There was a lake on one side of the lawn, on the other a group of fine old plane-trees; beyond these a short avenue of elms, leading to a meadow that looked almost a park. The soft night air was heavy with the perfume of myrtle and magnolia.

"The place is a perfect Eden," said the Colonel; "but I wish I had not been told the history of Eve and the Serpent."

[to be continued.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Edmonds, Commissioner of Fisheries of the State of Vermont, on the 20th of June deposited in Lake Champlain, at Burlington, Vermont, 50,000 young shad, obtained at Seth Green's shad-hatching establishment at Castleton. Mr Green himself has also just introduced another 50,000 shad into Lake Champlain, at Whitehall; and the two lots will make a very fair beginning of the experiment as to whether shad can subsist in this lake. It is by no means certain that shad as well as salmon will not thrive and multiply in large inland lakes cut off from the ocean; but if a journey to the sea be necessary, there will be no difficulty in the shad making their way down to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Their return, however, may perhaps be impeded by at least one dam on the Sorel River, the outlet of the lake.

Dr. Letheby, the eminent English sanitarian, in a recent paper states that the present epidemic of small-pox is one of the severest on record, there having been nothing like it since the practice of compulsory vaccination. It began to be so unusually severe as far back as the month of November, 1869, advancing steadily, month by month, throughout the whole of the following year. Some idea of the force of the epidemic may be gathered from the fact that while the average annual mortality in England from small-pox for the last twenty years has been only two in ten thousand, it was 24.2 during the year 1870 in the population of London. In reference to the prophylactic power of vaccination, Dr. Letheby shows that although a very large proportion of small-pox cases had previously undergone vaccination (from seventy-three to seventy-nine per cent.), it was manifest that the operation had been imperfectly performed, or had been weakened by the lapse of time. But, even with these disadvantages, the mortality among those who had been vaccinated was remarkably small in comparison with that of the unvaccinated. While the general mortality was at the rate of nineteen per cent. of all attacked with the disease, it was only ten per cent. among the vaccinated, and as high as forty-five per cent. among the unvaccinated.

The general conclusion reached by Dr. Letheby in his inquiries was that vaccination, when properly performed, is protective during the growth of the body, and that revaccination is necessary at the age of fifteen or thereabouts, to protect the system during the remainder of life.

During the year 1871 the experiment was tried, by some public-spirited gentlemen of Philadelphia, of introducing salmon into the Delaware River, and although great anticipations of a successful result were formed, the effort came to an untimely end by the death of the greater portion of the young salmon in their transportation from the hatching-house on the Hudson to the river itself. Not discouraged by the failure of the first attempt, the experiment has been repeated this year under the direction of Mr. Thaddeus Norris, and 12,000 eggs, purchased from Mr. Samuel Wilmot and received on the 1st of April, have now been hatched out with a loss of only about ten per cent., and have been placed in the Bushkill, a tributary of the Delaware, near Easton. Two thousand fish were saved of the last year's venture and introduced into the river, where, it is hoped, they still survive.

This year, instead of hatching the eggs at a considerable distance from the water into which they were to be introduced, the work was done about two miles from Easton, with the successful result indicated. Mr. Norris is quite confident that, whether salmon have ever lived in the Delaware or not, there is every probability of their finding a suitable home there, and of becoming abundant in future years. In his communication to the Germantown *Telegraph*, from which we have quoted, Mr. Norris remarks also that the black bass experiment in the same river promises to be a complete success. Large numbers of young fish have been seen all along the river shore in the neighborhood of Easton, and the old fish have been found in many places on their spawning beds.

The Panama *Star and Herald* quotes from a recent report of the cruise of the Chilian surveying ship *Cochabuco*, and of researches in Patagonia. In this it is stated that the Andes have been crossed by a detachment of the party through the valley of Aysen, in 45° of latitude south, opening a route to the centre of a rich and fertile country. No difficulty was experienced in making a wagon road or railroad across the continent through the region referred to.

The latest advices from Professor Agassiz and the *Hassler* expedition are to the date of May 27, at Lima. The professor and his party completed their visit to Valparaiso and Santiago on the 13th, embarking on that date for Callao and Panama. They were recipients of the greatest attention from the Chilians, who are, perhaps, the most enlightened of all the South American nations, and best able to appreciate the merits of their distinguished visitors.

It will be remembered that Professor Agassiz left the *Hassler* at Talcahuana, and went by land through the great Chili valley to Santiago and Valparaiso, crossing in his journey numerous rivers, which were all carefully explored for their zoological contents. In Santiago the professor obtained large numbers of specimens from the museum of the university, and from the National Museum of Chili, under the direction of Professors Domeyke and Philippi, both of them former friends and follow-students many years ago in Paris.

On arriving at Callao the expedition and its scientific head were met with the same enthusiasm that characterized their reception at Valparaiso, and every disposition was manifested to do them honor. The party expected to leave about the 1st of June for Panama, where, we presume, their arrival will be heralded by the next steamer from Aspinwall.

During the time that Professor Agassiz was occupied in his expedition from Talcahuana to Santiago, the *Hassler*, with Count Pourtalès, visited the island of Juan Fernandez, returning thence to Valparaiso. As he anticipated, Professor Agassiz found indications of former glaciers in Chili, well marked moraines being distinctly appreciable.

Mr. John B. Lawes, of Rothamsted, in England, well known for his many investigations, in connection with Gilbert, upon the physiology of plants, and other scientific questions connected with agriculture, has announced his intention of placing in trust his laboratory and experimental farm, with an endowment of half a million dollars, the interest of which, after his death, is to be expended in carrying on the researches that have rendered his name so famous. This act of princely liberality on his part will doubtless bear ample fruit in the future, as his own labors have done in the past.

General Myer, the indefatigable head of the United States Signal Service, has proposed, it is understood, to take the occasion of various balloon ascensions during the present season, especially from Boston, to make observations in regard to the temperature, barometric pressure, and the currents of the higher altitudes of the atmosphere. Sergeant Schæffer, of the corps, has been detailed for this service, and has been in training for some time preparatory to his important work. We hope to be able to mention hereafter some of the results of this field of research, which, though new in the United States, has been already successfully explored by Mr. Glaisher and other meteorologists of Europe.

It will be a great disappointment to some of our readers to learn that the August meeting of the American Scientific Association is to be held at Dubuque, Iowa, instead of in San Francisco. It was hoped that arrangements could be made with the Pacific Railroad authorities to carry members at rates sufficiently reduced to enable many of those residing in the East to visit the Pacific coast, and no difficulty was anticipated in securing such reduction.

It seems, however, that the terms offered were not satisfactory to the officers of the society, and that the meeting will be held in Iowa, as just mentioned.

In the expectation of having the meeting at San Francisco, invitations had been addressed to quite a number of scientific men in England, France, and Germany, with the promise of reduced fare; and, as an additional inducement for their coming, arrangements were made with the Inman and Bremen steamers to furnish round-trip tickets at a greatly reduced price. Some of these gentlemen, it is hoped, will still visit us; and among them Dr. J D. Hooker, the director of the Botanic Gardens at Kew, who, we understand, has accepted an invitation from Professor Gray to join him in an excursion to California and the Rocky Mountains during the summer.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"The children have been dying like sheep since last Thursday," was the blunt remark of a city physician during the fatal "heated term" that came with the opening of this month. Not half the miserable truth of the darkened dens of the poor has ever come to light. Amidst the discomfort which all experience in seasons of intense heat, thousands of affluent and well-to-do citizens have never given a thought to the excessive suffering endured, it may be, within a stone's-throw of their own comfortable dwellings. Perhaps, in many instances, their attention had never been directed to facts which are familiar enough to those who seek to know something of the condition of the poor about us. No more charitable enterprise was ever started than that which some benevolent persons have recently undertaken—the giving to the children of the poor who are huddled together in feverish tenements some relief from the suffocating heat. Parents who can afford to send their own little ones where they have country air or sea-breezes, will surely think compassionately of the thousands who pine away in wretched holes for lack of air, food, and proper care. The excursions which have been projected by the proprietors of the New York Daily *Times*, and to which many have generously contributed, will stir many weary hearts with a joy unknown before, and freshen up many pining little bodies. Hundreds of poor tenement-house children live years, and then prematurely die, without ever a breath of the fresh air or a sight of the green fields which Nature provides so bounteously in the blessed country.

"Fire Island" may be the most delightful summer resort in the world, for any thing we know. We understand there are magnificent ocean views there. But why doesn't somebody change the name? Who could endure the thought of going to Fire Island in such scorching weather as we have had?

The first week in July, 1872, will be memorable as a period of almost unprecedented mortality in New York city. Deaths from "sunstroke" were excessive, and a large number of children fell victims to the prevailing complaints of the season. A total mortality of 1569 for the seven days between June 30 and July 6 is entirely without example in the history of the city. All sanitary precautions should, at such a time, be most rigidly observed.

Strange that people can not see disease and death in the green fruit which is offered for sale in some parts of the city.

The "cottages" at Newport are palaces, and growing more so every year. There people rusticate amidst Italian frescoes, tesselated floors, rare statuary, valuable paintings, and the most costly furniture. Perhaps no city in America contains such expensive residences as Newport.

A few years ago an enthusiastic young lady became the wife of an Indian chief of the Sioux tribe. Mrs. Squatting Bear was her new name; and with a philanthropic desire to benefit the race into which she had married, she resolved to turn missionary. So she left her home and friends in Massachusetts, and went to Dakota to convert the barbarians. After spending three years with the Sioux, suffering gross indignities, and being compelled to perform the most menial services, she attempted to escape, but was recaptured, beaten nearly to death by her husband, and then sold to a Cheyenne chief for three ponies. She remained with the Cheyennes till this spring, when she escaped to Fort Benton. Thence she went to Kansas City, and from that place to her home in Massachusetts.

When the thermometer is up among the nineties, can not suffering humanity derive some consolation from the reflection that the hot sunshine following rain is exercising a most beneficial influence upon the growing crops? There is now a prospect of good crops of all kinds.

The Geneva Court of Arbitration has held its sessions in an ordinary drawing-room, the windows looking out on a neat little garden in the very centre of the city.

It is said that special precautions are taken this year to protect bathers at Long Branch from accidents. Nevertheless accidents will doubtless occur there, as at other places on the sea-shore. Carelessness and recklessness cause many deaths.

If a man be disappointed in the performance of his own marriage ceremony at the time appointed, he is likely to be angry or mortified, and to show his feelings pretty decidedly. But a youth in the vicinity of Boston, not many days ago, on finding that his promised bride had disappeared at the eleventh hour, did not fall into a rage or spend his time in hunting her up. He bid the marriage feast go on, and the guests to be merry. So they did; but the bride is missing yet.

A sprightly correspondent of the *Evening Mail*, writing from Newport, says:

"Fanny Fern is here, and in an unpretending neat little house in Broad Street, where she spent last summer. If she is jolly and good-natured at home, you can imagine how much more so she is here, with nothing to do but pet her little granddaughter and revel in sea-breezes and sea views. Kate calls the house the 'Fernery,' and insists that Mr. Parton—the little granddaughter irreverently addresses him as 'Jim'—is merely a piece of *fern*-iture, which Kate's big brother says 'is *in*fernal nonsense: a man is the head of the house, if his wife *does* write for the *Ledger*.'"

An enterprising reporter of one of our daily papers undertook to investigate some of the wretched abodes in the Sixth Ward of our city. Among other inquiries he asked a woman if the dreadful smells which pervaded one locality did not come from the heaps of filth and garbage left uncared for. The woman shrugged her shoulders, and said, with piteous resignation, "We are poor people," as if the fact of their being poor made it a necessity for them to dwell among evil odors.

Carmel, New York, promises to be the seat of a fine institution of learning, the result of a gift of Mr. Daniel Drew, whose native place is Carmel. There is now a seminary there, which is to be connected with the new institution. The new building will be four hundred feet long, four stories high, and built of granite. The founder, without limiting the cost, has stipulated that it should possess durability, convenience, and beauty. The institution is to be for both sexes, where young men and women can prepare for college, and where the young women can take also a full college course, and graduate from the Department of the Female College, and receive the usual degrees.

An Iowa farmer has doubtless made his fortune. At least he professes to have discovered a process by which sugar can be extracted from corn at a cost of three and a half cents a pound.

On one of the "greatest" days of the Boston Jubilee a visitor counted twenty-one ladies who were carried out on stretchers in a fainting condition. Apparently it is important for every one to know how to treat fainting persons. The London *Lancet* advises that such persons should be promptly placed in a wholly recumbent position. Referring to the case which lately occurred in New York, in which death followed the extraction of teeth after an ineffectual endeavor to administer nitrous oxide gas, the *Lancet* maintains that had the patient, who had fainted from terror, been laid flat on the floor instead of being kept in an upright position, she would probably have recovered in a few minutes. It mentions also the case of a poor woman who lately fainted on an English race-course, and having been placed by a policeman in a sitting posture, was only saved from death by the accident of a doctor happening to pass by at the moment, and laying her down until she recovered.

MADAME PESCHKA-LEUTNER.

UNTIL her appearance at the Boston Peace Jubilee the name of Madame PESCHKA-LEUTNER was entirely unknown in this country, and her magnificent singing was a startling surprise not only to the general audience, but also to musical *connoisseurs.* "Who is she?" and "Why have we never heard of her before?" were questions on every body's tongue, to which no one could give an answer. Thus unheralded and unknown, she had to make her reputation in this country unaided by those managerial arts to which so many candidates for popular applause are indebted for success; and it is safe to say that almost every one went to the first concert with the impression that Mr. GILMORE was imposing some second-rate artist upon his audience. An appreciative correspondent thus describes her appearance at the first rehearsal, when she sang an aria with variations written for her by PROCH, her teacher. "The theme," says the correspondent, "is an exquisite *andante* melody, and the variations were intricate and rapid, touching the upper G flat in the cadenza. CARL ZERRAHN, the well-known conductor, looked at the score incredulously as he took the baton, and the orchestra regarded her as if with surprise at her audacity. Madame PESCHKA-LEUTNER alone was as serene and undisturbed as if she had the simplest ballad before her. She sang the melody with the most tender expression and exquisite purity of voice imaginable; and then, one by one, and with the most perfect ease, executed the vocal difficulties; and in the cadenza struck the G flat, not with a scream, but with a tone as clear and perfect as a flute; and then, dropping full two octaves, closed amidst the most frantic applause of the players, who rose to their feet to take a good long look at this wonderful singer who had achieved what they considered to be an impossibility. For the first time in my twenty years' recollections of music I witnessed the rare spectacle of an orchestra at a rehearsal *encoring* a singer. In the afternoon, at the concert, she achieved a victory of enthusiasm, and fairly electrified even the old stagers, who expressed their delight by declaring her to be without a peer. Even DWIGHT, the fastidious old critic, whose dictum is authority, and who had decided not to go to the Jubilee, was compelled to go and hear this wonderful singer; and, if I am not mistaken, there was something very closely resembling a tear in his old eyes as he sat and listened to her."

And now the question was not "Who is she?" but "Where has she been that we have not heard of her before?" Madame PESCHKA-LEUTNER has never before, we believe, sung out of Germany. Her greatest triumphs have been achieved at the famous Gewandhaus concerts in Leipsic, to sing at which is considered the highest prize within an artist's reach. She has appeared a few times at the Stadt Theatre in Vienna, but has sung but little outside of Leipsic. Her voice, from the lowest note to the highest, is as faultless as an instrument, with a clarionet quality in some parts of its register, although in the highest notes it has the smoothness and sweetness of the flute. It is fresh, pure, round, and full in every tone, and to this is added a quick and fascinating expressiveness, and a flexibility which is never at fault in the most trying difficulties. Her accuracy of tone, and the absolute precision with which she dropped, in several instances, the most difficult intervals of two octaves, excited unbounded admiration.

After the close of the Boston Jubilee Madame PESCHKA-LEUTNER appeared in a concert in Brooklyn, where she was received with immense enthusiasm. The audience called her back repeatedly, and could hardly be persuaded to let her retire.

Our portrait of Madame PESCHKA-LEUTNER is engraved from a fine photograph by EULENSTEIN, of Leipsic. The face is very striking, and its expression is at once sweet and winsome, suggestive of a large-hearted, refined, and cultivated woman. Her manner is thoroughly in keeping with her face—easy, natural, and entirely free from every approach to affectation or staginess. She has made a greater impression in this country than any other singer since the days of JENNY LIND; and should she return to this country for a concert tour next year, which is not an improbable event, she will receive as enthusiastic a welcome as that which greeted the great Swedish singer.

MADAME PESCHKA-LEUTNER, THE CELEBRATED GERMAN PRIMA DONNA.

THE COLISEUM AT ROME ILLUMINATED.—[SEE PAGE 589.]

LONG DRESSES IN THE BALL-ROOM.

It is a curious fact that the fashions which we all follow so implicitly are frequently dictated (at all events for those of us who belong to the softer sex) by persons who are by no means remarkable for wisdom. Surely the mysterious tyrant who ordains that ladies about to engage in the active exercise of dancing should carry a yard and a half of flimsy material at their heels must be a bit of an ass. The fact is that in most of these matters ladies submit to the dominion of a silly, extravagant minority, and of course the dress-makers, who like to use as much material and to put as much needle-work as possible into every dress they make, do all they can to promote expenditure. The mode is objectionable to several persons—to papa, who has to pay the milliners' bills; to mamma, who begins to see that young men fight shy of marriage because it costs so much to dress a wife; and to dancing men, who object to run the risk of a broken limb for the sake of the delights of a *trois temps.* But protests are of no avail against the tyranny of fashion.

LONG DRESSES IN THE BALL-ROOM.

ILLUMINATION OF THE COLISEUM, ROME.

The illumination of the Coliseum which took place on the 7th of April last, and which is depicted in the engraving on page 588, was on a more elaborate scale than usual, but for years past it has been the custom once or twice in the course of every winter to light up the gigantic ruin with Bengal lights. Concerning this M. Ampère, in his "History of the Roman Emperors," says: "It is rather too much like the closing scene of a melodrama, and I prefer either the brilliant rays of the sun or the soft splendor of the moon. Nevertheless, I must confess that the first time I saw the Coliseum thus wrapped in ruddy flames the history of the building rose vividly before my thoughts. I saw it for the moment painted in its true colors—the hue of blood." This vast edifice was begun, A.D. 72, by the Emperor Vespasian, and was finished by Titus after his return from the conquest of Jerusalem. Sixty thousand captive Jews were employed in the work It is 1641 feet round outside the walls. The arena is 278 feet long, 177 feet wide, and the outer walls are 157 feet high. The history of the gladiatorial shows and the martyrdoms which took place here are too well known to need repetition. The spot where the Christian martyrs suffered is marked by a tall cross. It is believed that the building of the Coliseum remained entire until the eighth century, and that its ruin dates from the invasion of Robert Guiscard. During the Middle Ages it served for a fortress; afterward it was used as a stone quarry; but the last five popes have all contributed to strengthen and preserve the walls which remain. The venerable Bede, in his writings, quotes the following prophecy of Anglo-Saxon pilgrims:

> "While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
> And when Rome falls, the world."

ANIMAL ELECTRICITY.

All kinds of apparatus devised for the purpose of generating and propagating electricity are humble and exceedingly imperfect imitations of natural batteries existing in sting-rays (*Raia radiata*)—a thin, flat fish of a forbidding aspect—and the *Gymnotus electricus*, a huge, clumsy eel of Surinam.

Dissection brings to light the curious mechanical adjustment of alternate membranes and gelatinous fluid, which collects electricity, to be discharged at the pleasure of the fish through a connection with the brain by certain delicate nerves. If frequently excited, the shock becomes weak and harmless; but, allowed to accumulate undisturbed for a few hours, the force of the discharge is sufficient to prostrate large animals and kill small ones. Mules have often been acted upon with such violence by putting their lips into water to drink, where a gymnotus was not disposed to be disturbed, as nearly to destroy life. Both the sting-ray and the electrical eel overcome their prey by a discharge of their batteries, and then leisurely consume the game.

It is a subject of surprise that so many ages were required to recognize the extraordinary powers of electricity, with such striking exhibitions of it as must have been known for centuries to men of philosophical research. It is now utilized and directed by the potent agency of human will to accomplish surprising results. It is quite possible electricity is yet destined to become an economical motive power for running turning-lathes, and light locomotive engines on railroads, as well as flying on wires over the globe, a messenger of universal intelligence.

Facts for the Ladies.—J. A. H. Abell, Warsaw, N. Y., bought a Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine in 1857; used it 9 years in stitching clothing that eight hands prepared, and since used in family sewing, with not a cent for repairs. It runs now like magic, with no signs of wear. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[*Com.*]

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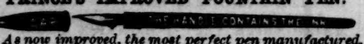

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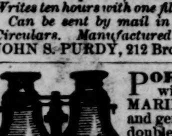

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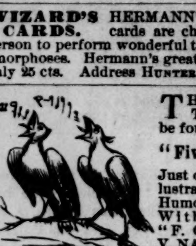

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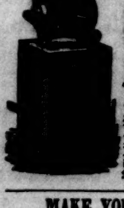

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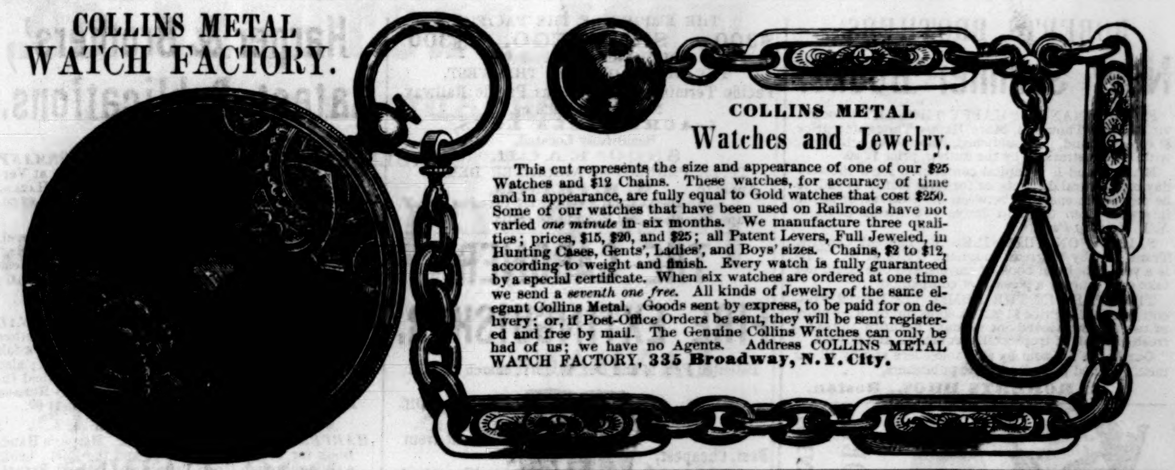

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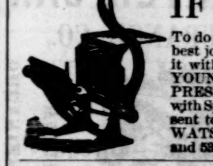

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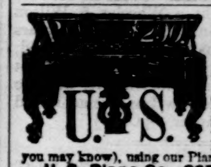

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